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REVIEWS.

A History of the City of Dublin. By J. T. Gilbert. Vol. III. (Dublin: McGlashan & Gill. London: J. R. Smith. Edinburgh: Menzies.)

OUR chief quarrel with the earlier volumes of this work was based on their style, the manner rather than the matter misliked us. In the present volume we find less to complain of on this score, the style being sufficiently sober—even to commonplace in some passages; the author, however, has left us but little scope for criticism on his own composition, as he has drawn so largely on the works of others, availing himself of their own words in the way of extensive quotations, that the entire volume consists of little else than a string of extracts connected together by a few occasional paragraphs of the author's own, the whole being constructed on very much the same paste-and-scissors principle as the "miscellaneous" columns of a penny weekly paper. It is, of course, out of the question to concede to a book so put together the title of "history." It is no more a history of the City of Dublin than Hewitt's "Tower of London" or the "Chronicles of London Bridge" are histories of our ancient fortress or of the venerable stones which peep out so prettily at us from the noble elms of Ingress Abbey. It is a guidebook or handbook,—and, let us add, a very good one,—but the more pretentious title is a mere misnomer.

Having had our quarrel out, we turn with pleasure to the contents of the volume before us, which for some reasons possesses an interest far beyond its predecessors. It may be necessary to recall to our readers' recollection that the plan of the work is to take in succession the different public buildings, streets, and other localities of the city, and trace the story of each, not the mere account of its various stages of construction or change, but of all that has taken place in and about it, and of the men that figured in and about it as well. It is thus that the author has succeeded in laying before us not a bare, dry catalogue of architectural or other details, but a very interesting and often amusing string of choice and characteristic anecdotes and extracts illustrative of the localities he describes. When we add that both College Green and Parliament House (now the Bank) are treated of in the present volume, it will be readily gathered that it possesses some features of far more than common interest.

The history of College Green commences with the review, by Ludlow, of the Dublin Militia—1200 foot and 120 horse—in 1659, the "Commissioners in their coaches" being also present. The notice of the houses of Lords Charlemont and Clancarty, which stood on the Green in the reign of Charles II., gives occasion for some very interesting particulars of the careers and adventures of these two remarkable noblemen, as well as of some of the members of their families. A list of the booksellers and journalists whose establishments stood on the same spot is naturally accompanied with many curious particulars, among which the accounts of some trials for libel are the most interesting. The account of No. 5 seems to link the Dublin Press and our own together in the person of a gentleman, now some few years passed from among us, who, though

labouring in a very different sphere to our own, was for many years sincerely respected by every member of the London Press. At No. 5, College Green, was, in 1798, the "Apollo Circulating Library," kept by Vincent Dowling, "one of the ablest and wittiest writers connected with the Irish journals of his time," and who was the principal contributor to the "Reports of the Irish Parliament;" of course under a feigned name. After the Union, Dowling came to London, and, after enduring the usual meed of hardship with which literary merit is honoured, became connected with *The Times*. Vincent George Dowling, whose career is matter of history among the London journals, and who died Editor of *Bell's Life*, was the son of this Vincent Dowling.

The notice of the coffee-houses and taverns on the Green includes the well-known "Daly's," the magnificence of which must have been on much the same scale and for much the same purpose as our own "Crockford's" in the days of its—glory (?). The author quotes a writer in 1794, who remarks that "the god of cards and dice has a temple, called Daly's, dedicated to his honour, in Dublin, much more magnificent than any temple to be found in that city dedicated to the God of the universe."

The history of the Statue, of course, introduces us to just the series of half-comic, half-serious scenes which might have been expected from party processions, profuse libations, mischievous college lads, fussy officials, and similar influences operating on the naturally fiery and dashing temper of the most impulsive people in the world. The "blow up" is well described. The chief historical interest of the volume, however, naturally centres in the account of the Parliament House, or rather of the leading events which took place there from the first assembling of the Irish Parliament in Chester House, after the Restoration of 1661, down to the final destruction of that body by the Act of Union (1800), passed in the building which rose on the ruins of the former house. We can, in spite of a defect which we shall presently notice, conscientiously recommend this lengthy, but most interesting chapter to the perusal of our readers, for, though it displays in an eminent degree the imperfection which we have already noticed, and consists to a very large extent of extracts from speeches and contemporaneous and other books and descriptions, these are nevertheless linked together in a manner so really artistic that they read like a continuous and well-digested narrative—moreover, the author has here shown himself happy in selecting the best passages from the best speeches, &c., for extraction. We need hardly recapitulate the events affecting the Irish Parliament during the period indicated. They are summed up in a few words—a struggle for independent legislation, carried on by earnest but too often characteristically injudicious patriots on one side, and statesmanship, prejudice, and, in the end, corruption of the most flagrant kind on the other. On which side the excitable populace would be found was as little to be doubted as the part to be enacted by vain and extravagant men of rank, especially in the concluding scenes of the Parliament's existence; these are all matters of history now, and of history unquestioned and undoubted by all credible historians, whether English or Irish; but here it is that we cannot refrain from pointing out the defect just alluded to, and which appears to us to be

common to nearly all Irish historians of the Union. They all seem, in their great eagerness to paint the British Government in the blackest colours, to overlook the fact that wherever there is a briber there must be folks to be bribed as well; that if a minister has his pockets full of gold, or of loaves and fishes, there must be hands to receive and mouths to swallow both the one and the other. But the corruption by which the Union was carried is admitted to have gone even deeper than that. In 1793, we are told, "the price of an Irish borough was 14,000*l.* to 16,000*l.*, exclusive of election expenses;" the price paid for a seat was matter of open discussion among members; and, whilst the amount said to have been "expended by Government in procuring the majority" (of 1800) "was 3,000,000*l.*," it is not denied—indeed, could not be—that a large proportion of this bribe found its way into the hands of the "natural old jobbers," and so at last, of course, into the hands of the electors themselves. This is no compliment to the people whose sale and purchase are so bitterly complained of, nor a very powerful argument in favour of their self-government. But the real truth is, we were just as bad in England in these glorious times; venality was the minister's recognised *materiel*; and so in these days we hold up our hands in pious horror at Lord Castle-reagh's wholesale "generosity," and forthwith issue commissions to Wakefield and Gloucester.

But enough of an unpleasant subject. We turn with pleasure to the very graphic word-painting with which the interior of the Irish House of Commons is described—the presence, by the way, of so large a concourse of spectators as well as of ladies during both debates and divisions, and the habit of giving free utterance to their feelings on great occasions, must have added not a little both to the excitement of the scene and the zest of the speakers. Its interior is thus described on its first construction:

"The Commons-room is truly deserving of admiration. Its form is circular, 55 feet in diameter, inscribed in a square. The seats whereon the members sit are disposed around the centre of the room in concentric circles, one rising above another. About 15 feet above the level of the floor, on a cylindrical basement, are disposed 16 Corinthian columns supporting a rich hemispherical dome, which crowns the whole. A narrow gallery for the public, about 5 feet broad, with very convenient seats, is fitted up, with a balustrade in front between the pillars. The appearance of the House assembled below from the Gallery corresponds with its importance, and presents a dignity that must be seen to be felt; the strength of the orators' eloquence receives additional force from the construction of the place, and the vibration in the dome."

And its appearance on the occasion of Mr. Hutchinson's celebrated communication from the Crown, in 1782, after which Grattan made his great speech, beginning, "I now address a free people," is thus brought before the eye:

"It is an observation not unworthy of remark, that in describing the events of that important evening, the structure of the Irish House of Commons, at the period of these debates, was particularly adapted to convey to the people an impression of dignity and of splendour in their legislative assembly. The interior of the Commons' House was a rotunda of great architectural magnificence; an immense gallery, supported by Tuscan pillars, surrounded the inner base of a grand and lofty dome. In that gallery, on every important debate, nearly 700 auditors heard the

sentiments and learned the characters of their Irish representatives; the gallery was never cleared on a division; the rising generation acquired the love of eloquence and of liberty, the principles of a just and proud ambition, the details of public business, and the rudiments of constitutional legislation. The front rows of this gallery were generally occupied by females of the highest rank and fashion, whose presence gave an animating and brilliant splendour to the entire scene; and, in a nation such as Ireland then was, from which the gallant principles of chivalry had not been altogether banished, contributed not a little to the preservation of that decorum so indispensable to the dignity and weight of deliberative assemblies. This entire gallery had been crowded at an early hour by personages of the first respectability of both sexes—it would be difficult to describe the interesting appearance of the whole assemblage at this awful moment."

We should have been glad to extract a passage or two from some of the best scenes and speeches delineated, but we have already drawn too largely on our space; we cannot, nevertheless, refrain from concluding with one of Dean Swift's pithy sayings, alluding to the rigid suppression of independent, or, as it was then called, rebellious, opinion in his time; the passage will be found in "Draper's Letters":

"I have done: for those who have used to cramp liberty have gone so far as to resent even the liberty of complaining; although a man upon the rack was never known to be refused the liberty of roaring as loud as he thought fit."

Who but Swift could have penned such lines?

The Wild-Fowler. By H. C. Folkard, Esq. (Piper, Stephenson, & Spence.)

MR. FOLKARD tells a truly circumstantial story to account for the existence of this work. To believe him, it is the result of being a sucking barrister, and briefless. "But," argues he, apologetically, "I have devoted by far the larger portion of my time to the study of the law; whilst a small part only, by way of remunerative recreation, has been turned to literary pursuits." With charming self-exculpation he adds, "I have not been guilty of writing a book of fiction, but of facts gathered from the experiences of early life." (Could Mr. Folkard have existed in the Middle Ages, for many of his facts are positively gathered from thence?) There would, however, be no excuse for a lawyer indulging in *nugæ literariæ*, unless he could plead a precedent, and there we grant that Mr. Folkard makes out his case, not, as he first and fondly imagines, "by precedent from the Greeks and Romans, who equalised their time for studying the arts and sciences which elevate the mind with manly sports which invigorate the body," but by the *argumentum ad hominem*, the imputation of "many of our ablest lawyers" as amongst "the keenest sportsmen of their time," clinching the assertion thus: "At the present day the bench and bar are adorned with several such distinguished individuals; not the least in importance amongst whom is our venerable and active Lord Chancellor, who, if report says truly, is so well skilled in the science of the trigger that he occasionally brings down a stag at a distance of two or three hundred paces." All this we humbly submit hardly establishes the congeniality of sporting propensities with bar or chamber practice; but so much the better, we should think, for Mr. Folkard's book. If the learned gentleman could satisfactorily maintain the position in

his Preface, we should have some fears about his volume. But, fortunately for him and for us, it is not at all unfamiliar to us, as readers of the *Sporting Review* and *Magazine* of some little standing. This is more particularly observable in the anecdotal portions of this handsome volume, purposely introduced by the author to relieve the didactic parts. A good tale, it is true, is none the worse of being twice told, but truly some of Mr. Folkard's long shots, if not equal to Baron Munchausen's hunting exploits, are at all events up to the mark of the Hon. Grantley Berkeley! The latter is off "to the west, to the west," and has taken British dogs with him for American buffalo hunting, at which the natives affect to laugh. Meanwhile the Hampshire coast, on which Col. Hawker earned his wild-fowling immortality, vacated by Grantley Berkeley, is free to Mr. Folkard and his double-barrelled gun, which, of course, like that of the well-known couplet of Wordsworth, applied to a forensic wit in Edinburgh, has

"One barrel charged with law,
And another charged with fun."

Of the first part of his compilation Mr. Folkard however has made no joke. His research is almost painful, the subject considered; for it is one in which sporting experience in our opinion ought to do more than any amount of archaeological lore. Not content, moreover, with ransacking the British Museum, the indefatigable counsel learned in the law has crammed his pages with foot-notes from authorities amongst the Cottonian MS. (which, however, we have no evidence, for all that, of his actually having consulted, since we find the same quotations ready made in Sharon Turner's "Anglo-Saxon History"). We just hint this as a fault, and "hesitate dislike" of it, because we are struck with suspicion of book-making in this case to a degree which we could have well desired to avoid, in the perusal of a volume really embodying much knowledge of an interesting and adventurous art. Wedeem it needless for instance in Mr. Folkard to keep repeating, and lamenting, that "the decoy" and the "flight pond" have been inadequately described by Willughby, Ray, and the best naturalists of old, and are unknown to the present generation, when, of the two best examples of either now existing in the country—the decoy at Lord Ilchester's swannery in Dorset (visited the other day by ex-queen Marie Amelie and the ex-princesses of the French) and the flight pond at Lord Middleton's, Wollaton Hall, Notts—our ingenuous Templar utters not a word. Nevertheless, very interesting and even edifying are the whole seventy and odd chapters of Mr. Folkard's elaborate treatise, whether discussing the modes of wild fowling ancient or modern. We question very much if his book can ever be set up as the authority for reference in matters of this sort; yet there is no other. One would like to know something for certain of all the devices in fowling, hawking, and sporting generally, so fertile in metaphor to Shakspere and the elder dramatists, who had them ever at their fingers' ends. Still more ought there to be a medium of interpretation betwixt us and the ancient balladists, describing Tristram's skill in "venerie" and Robin Hood's achievements with the bow, ere yet the shot-gun had dispelled the enchantments of the ancient sport of fowling (of which Mr. Folkard now indites the monody), and introduced that new era, to which, to do him justice, he devotes the better and more stirring portions of his book.

And no doubt he has with amazing industry assembled together a vast and amusing array of facts from all quarters under heaven; he has only in doing so, we are afraid, imparted to the collection that appearance of being a mere miscellany which must inevitably tell against it as the sort of book of reference, desiderated.

But into what a world of wild and animated nature are we here introduced! Yet it is almost *stat nominis umbra* with it too; for, though few would believe, except those who have witnessed, the immense flights of wild fowl that in severe winters visit our coasts, still it *does* require an old-fashioned winter like 1846-7—ah! that was the joy of Mr. Folkard's heart—when, despite the deplorable drainage of the Bedford level, it so abundantly supplied with wild ducks the London market, that they sold at two shillings a pair, and snipes at fourpence each; whilst snipes in Devonshire fetched no more than a halfpenny. There was, A.D. 1496, the Dame Juliana Barnes, or Berners, with her famous "Boke of St. Albans," ridiculing the misery of the poor fowler, however; and so the "old-fashioned" winter sports would seem to have had their drawbacks also, especially when people had no better prehensile agencies than the nets, guns, and other contrivances of which our author is so vain. There is one sticking-point in his ancient lore for which many might blame him as hypercritical, but for which we take leave to tender our meed of praise, and it is the determined way in which he insists on giving the gatherings of different fowl (when *congregatus*, as he says) their strict and proper appellations. We should not feel pleased to hear the English language so far misapplied as to speak of a herd of sheep or a flock of cattle, of a pack of birds or a covey of wolves; and in like manner Mr. Folkard, on ancient and undoubted authority, protests against our employing other terms than a herd of swans, a gaggle of geese when on the water and a skein when on the wing, a paddling of wild ducks when on the water and a team when on the wing—a sud or scout of mallards—a company of widgeon, a flight or rush of dunbirds, a spring of teal, a dropping of sheldrakes, a covert of coots, a herd of curlews, a sedge of herons, a wing or congregation of plovers, a desert of lapwings, a walk of snipes, a fling of oxbirds, and a hill of ruffs—expressions which, though some might be apt to vote them about as apposite as that of "a wilderness of monkeys," yet, to those at all conversant with the respective habits of the birds alluded to, convey the most apt and characteristic allusions conceivable. We have to thank Mr. Folkard for restoring these terms; he has, we perceive, himself set the example of adherence to them throughout his work. This circumstance alone does not render it certain that he must necessarily be a good naturalist, although it implies possession of all the naturalist instincts of a good sportsman; we are sorry to perceive, indeed, disparaging references to the great ornithological authorities, although we will undertake, industrious as our author may have been, to glean from Yarrell and Selby, not to mention other British ornithologists whom he has despitely entreated, the greater part, if not the whole, of the naturalist knowledge here conveyed. If Willughby did really "mistake the use of the dog at the decoy or duck-pond, as Mr. Folkard alleges, all we can say is, that one of the few remaining ponds in this country, that

which we have quoted as an example, was, and is, situated at Willughby's own house, Wollaton Hall, above referred to, built by Willughby's son, the first Lord Middleton, after the great naturalist had, in conjunction with Ray, both planned and planted the grounds.

Ancient fowling is now, however, a matter of the merest curiosity; although, as Mr. Folkard remarks, "it may be imagined a very tantalising situation to be placed in a land where hundreds of wild fowl are daily in the habit of thronging the inland waters, and yet to find one's self so far removed from ingenuity as to be unable to capture a bird." The Greeks had their methods; so had the ancient Egyptians; and these Mr. Folkard somewhat confusedly mixes up with the hair nooses and springes of the Anglo-Saxons, with the singular artifice of flue-nets for taking ducks and cranes, and the use of lined strings and twigs, as well as poisonous drugs, in the art of fowling. In giving the history of the decoys, commencing with the Dutch, he has principally described the captures upon the Lincolnshire fens and Norfolk broads; devoting a chapter to the little dog, "the piper," whose position in the affair richly merits the compliment. The flight ponds which Mr. Folkard has described are those of Mersea and Brantham, in Essex. These are for the capture of dunbirds or pochards; and dunbirds are a very abundant species, so much so that once it was no unusual thing to see upon our coasts acres of water literally packed with them, sitting as thickly as they could cram.

It is towards the close of his first one hundred pages that Mr. Folkard really brings us face to face with the wild-fowl shooting of the present day. The walk across the stubble with the double-barrelled gun, the covey of partridges whirring from the turnips, the pheasant springing from his cover, the wild-fowler speaks of with ill-disguised contempt—"the chief secret of success being to acquire a habit of holding the gun straight, an art so readily acquired in the present day that a really bad shot is a personage seldom to be met with." Ah! "what a contrast to wild-fowl sitting on a large open river, on a lake, or on the sea." In short, he says that to approach wild fowl in such situations and get within deadly range, is an art only to be acquired by much experience, labour, and perseverance. Well, that depends on where you go. We only know that you may shoot "marrots" on the Scotch firths as quietly as if they were tamed on purpose to sit still and be blazed at, and for half-a-crown a shot the tacksman at the Bass Rock will allow you to hit as many solan geese as you please, or, if you can't, and *must have* the "specimens," to pull them off the nests, unless (as they generally show fight) they happen to get the better of you. Mr. Folkard properly treats, however, of the sport, and warns the English sportsman that no branch of the art requires so much skill, practice, and hardy endurance as wild-fowl shooting. Previous to the invention of gunning punts, the birds were shot, it would seem, from a rest stuck into the ooze, and the fowler and his assistant went on *splashes* in pursuit of the wounded. The well-known "stalking-horse" was another means employed for approaching wild geese on the open moors. The geese did not mind the horses if unaccompanied by bipeds like themselves, just as you may see water-wagtails and crows hopping about the sheep and cattle on the pastures, familiarly plucking

wool and hairs from their coats. In fairness to Mr. Folkard we are tempted to cite a portion of the fruits of his research on this subject, of which the world has heard so much and probably now knows so little:

THE STALKING-HORSE AND APPARATUS.

"The stalking-horse was sometimes partly covered with a rug or cloth, extending well down below the hocks, the better to protect the gunner from exposure. But this proceeding of stalking wild-fowl in the open country did not often succeed without extraordinary skill and caution; the watchful and suspicious nature of the birds often detecting the imposition before the gunner was able to get within deadly range.

"The inhabitants of foreign countries for centuries past have been accustomed to employ stalking-horses for the purpose of approaching wild-fowl. Trained oxen were used by the Spaniards,* and to this day stalking-horses are in use in some districts, both in England and on the continent.

"Artificial stalking-horses were sometimes employed where the fowler was unable to provide himself with a living one.† These were sometimes made of canvas stuffed with straw; being shaped and proportioned as nearly as possible in resemblance to a horse, with its head down, as if grazing at the herbage, and light and portable, so that the fowler could lift it with one hand. Artificial cows are still employed in various parts of France, and sometimes with remarkable success.‡

"The stalking-horse, both living and artificial, was constantly employed by the ancient fowler, and whether for approaching wild fowl on the open moor, or by the brink of the water.

"The artificial figures were painted, and fitted with switch tails, so as to resemble, as nearly as might be, the living animal; and they were sometimes made after the figure and form of horned cattle, deer, or such animals as the fowl were most accustomed to in the neighbourhood.

"Shrubs, bushes, artificial trees, mock fences, and such like contrivances,§ were also employed with some sort of success, though not equal to that of the well-trained live stalking-horse; a regard being had at all times to the figures and forms which were most common in the particular locality, so as to awaken least suspicion to the birds. When this latter class of stalking apparatus was employed, it was usual to place them near the haunts of the fowl a long time beforehand, or move them by the gentlest possible means, else the device would be detected. And it would appear that the whole of the stalking-horse devices were found fitter for excursions in early morning or twilight than broad daylight, the natural watchfulness of the birds frequently enabling them to detect the imposition being practised upon them."

The above is a fair average specimen of Mr. Folkard's style and mode of treatment of his subjects. It is rather loose in point of literary composition, redundant to a degree, which has contributed, we suspect, to swell out his book, and the matter is by no means well digested in compilation.

When, however, the wild-shooter's dog begins to appear upon the scene, we then know that the writer has pretty well done with dreaming over the past, and has arrived at the realities of the present. This dog must be one that will "keep to heel," never

chase or "give tongue," but implicitly obey signs and directions. Where is such a dog to be found? The best is the curly-coated retriever. Newfoundlands are sometimes used, but are too large. The dog commences his "education" at the age of ten months, by being first taught to fetch and carry. An engraving is given of "Sambo," a splendid dog, in the very act. It is honourable to Mr. Folkard that he recommends kindness and patience in preference to all other modes of instruction, and agrees with Colonel Hutchinson that the spike collar of the professed dog-breaker is "a brutal instrument." After instruction, a well-bred and high-couraged dog never refuses the water, however cold.

There is a curious chapter on the language of birds, albeit Mr. Folkard prefaces it with the hackneyed declaration:

NOTES OF WILD-FOWL.

"I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau if birds confabulate or no."

"Every wild-fowler," he observes, "from the practised sportsman to the decoy-man's wring-neck, is more or less familiar with the ordinary notes of the species,—duck, widgeon, geese, and such like. He knows the trumpet-like noise of a gaggle of wild geese, resembling at a distance the rich tone of a pack of fox hounds in full cry; the sonorous and saucy 'quack! quack!' of the wild duck; the soft but attractive 'wheow! wheow!' of the widgeon; the sharp and wailing whistle of the plover; the shrill but mournful cry of the curlew; the simple 'pee-wit' of the lapwing; and the 'frank' warning of the majestic heron. . . . When free from all suspicion and unconscious of danger, the note of the Solan goose is 'grog! grog!' and so long as the fowler hears no other note, he is assured the birds are not suspecting him; but if he hears their watch-word, 'birr! birr!' he instantly desists, and remains as quiet and motionless as possible; because it is the warning-note of the sentinel, which, in that one sound, informs all its companions of the suspected approach of an enemy. Generally after lying still for a few minutes, the words of assurance 'grog! grog!' are repeated, and then the fowler resumes his movement."

The flight of wild-fowl is about as instructive as their inebriated "talk." Mr. Folkard justly remarks that, although many of the auguries from this are false, there are many truthful signs to be noted from it. And Sir John Sinclair notices that when sea-gulls appear in the fields, a storm from the south-east generally follows; and when the storm begins to abate, they fly back to the shore. All water-fowl it seems fly high in the air, bent on some destination of which they never lose sight—wild swans with the neck straight forward and feet straight backward—wild geese in a chain, precisely as if linked together (hence the fowler's "skein" of geese), often changing their leaders and altering their figure—ducks distinguishable from widgeon by the greater regularity of their movements in the air, and when within range by the brown feathers discernible in their backs. Ducks generally have a break in the centre; "and," says Mr. Folkard, "present a figure very much resembling the outline of North and South America as it appears on the map."

Now then for the gunning punt; it should first carry one individual sportsman (a dog not being allowed at sea), his requisites, including punt-gun for a half-pound charge of shot, and nothing more. It is generally flat-bottomed. Colonel Hawker condemns the round bottoms used at Southampton and Itchen ferry. It has a floor, on which the fowler lies flat on his chest in working his way towards a number of wild-fowl; and he

* Alonzo d'Espinosa.

† Of Artificial Stalking-Horses, Markham remarks:—"Now forasmuch as these Stalking-Horses, or Horses to stalk withal, are not ever in readiness, and at the best ask a good expence of time to be brought to their best perfection: as also in that every poor man or other which taketh delight in this exercise, is either not master of a Horse, or if he had one, yet wanteth fit means to keepe him; and yet nevertheless the practice of Fowling must or should bee the greatest part of his maintenance."—*Hunter's Prevention*.

‡ Vide "Avicéptologie Française," par C. Kresz aîné, 1854. Tit.: la Vache Artificielle.

§ Vide "Avicéptologie." Tit.: la Hutte Ambulante. Blome's "Gentleman's Recreations," &c.

cannot shift his gun, but fires it from the position in which it is placed, although there are at least two chances to one against its being placed at the proper elevation. Mr. Folkard recommends oakum for loading, as far preferable to cut or punched wads. It is safest for the punter in loading to keep upon his knees, the unintentional swerve of man and gun may otherwise throw both overboard, for, generally speaking, punts are very cranky. He must also take care of his collar-bone in firing; that is, he must not have his feet pressing against any unyielding substance whilst the gun is at his shoulder. In a note Mr. Folkard asserts that even at rook-shooting parties, a small gun loaded with two drachms of powder has been known to break a man's collar-bone if fired straight up in the air from the shoulder. With the shooting-yacht a stanchion-gun is used, capable of carrying a charge of a pound and a-half of shot, and generally about eight feet in length. Nothing could be more minute than Mr. Folkard's directions for using all these weapons. We have amongst the numerous fine engravings that adorn his volume, a beautiful one of punting by daylight—if daylight a snowstorm on the water can be called—and the artist has significantly termed it "The Day for the Ducks." But snow is nothing. There is a chapter on wild-fowling in drift ice, which, to the tyro, wears we must say rather a chilling aspect. At every pull the ice congeals thicker and thicker on the oar-blades, and they become eventually so heavy that it is necessary to knock the one against the other, to throw off the icy burthen. This is in England, and the result of the writer's own experience. The danger to be avoided is to keep clear of icebergs, two of which floating past would crush a punt betwixt them like a bandbox. The colour of the punt should be of spotless white, to resemble the ice-drift. Mr. Folkard never knew a punter to lose his life on the ice; but he tells the melancholy story of a recklessly adventurous youth, who one time was relieved only by flying a kite, with a line attached, over his head, and which thus supplied him with a rope, whereby he was dragged ashore; but a few years after the same person was shot in the leg by his own gun, lying at full cock in the punt, as he was drawing it ashore, and bled to death. The sailing punt is about eighteen feet from stem to stern; the mast, a shifting one, is unshipped at pleasure; and the sail, of lateen shape, is of white duck or calico.

Night is however the time for the punter to fill his boat. Ever so little moonlight will be of great assistance to him. It is sometimes desirable to lie in ambush all night when wild ducks are near a fresh water rivulet flowing into salt water, and ducks are particularly fond of fresh water. On calm nights in such situations the punter will sometimes, even at the distance of eighty yards and upwards, hear the clatter of the wild ducks' bills as they dabble in the water. The dangers of getting out of the punt at night are alarmingly illustrated by the story of two young boys lost and bewildered in a fog on the Ouse (having got out to pick up birds). Their heartrending cries were heard at a long distance, though help reached them only when too late. Night punting also has its illustrative anecdote: a young curate, disappointed in punting by day, and ignorant of the rules of punting by night, was drawn down upon, on suspicion of being "ducks" by our sportsman and his associates, with three

punt guns, primed, capped, and cocked, carrying half a pound of shot and upwards, bearing fully upon him for several minutes at fifty or sixty yards. Likewise a shoemaker, who, instead of sticking to his last, employed his leisure moments in imitating the "whoew! whoew!" of the widgeon, and received for his pains three shots in his wrist and arm.

Such is a full and fair account of a volume, the rest of which is devoted (with a chapter to each) to the details of wild-geese shooting, as the gray lag goose, bernicle, bean, and Solan goose; heron shooting; wild-swan shooting—introductory of what we may well call the poetry of wild-fowling—in the shooting yacht; and finally to wild-duck, widgeon, pintail, teal, coot, moor-hen, shoveller, diver, plover, curlew, dotterel, ruff and reeve, godwit, snipe, and woodcock shooting, in all their varieties, with interesting notices of the haunts and habits of the birds. Supplementary to these are sundry chapters dedicated to illustrate wild-fowling exploits in Norway, the Orkneys, Shetlands, St. Kilda, France, America, Persia, Russia, and India, the three latter being chiefly curious modes of capture. On the whole the reader of Mr. Folkard's book can hardly fail in being pleased, interested, and amused; if there be an iteration it is by no means "damnable," but leaves scope for and suggests a new and compressed edition, to make way for which we heartily wish him a rapid disposal of the first.

Shakespeare Papers: Pictures Grave and Gay.
By William Maginn, LL.D. (Bentley.)

A SERIES of studies upon Shakspeare's characters, by a writer of so much taste and such extended sympathies as Dr. Maginn, could not fail to constitute a most interesting and amusing volume. Of this we might be sure beforehand, and there is, therefore, little occasion to bestow any such general kind of praise on the Papers now before us. But considering the great reputation of their author, we are naturally led to inquire if they add anything to our existing conceptions of the characters they discuss. And here we must confess that our opinion is less completely favourable than we had anticipated it would be. If the pictures of Falstaff and Jaques are as original and delightful, and Bottom and Polonius as good-humouredly satirical as could be desired, it must be admitted, on the other hand, that Romeo, Iago, and Timon contain no reflections worthy of Maginn's powers; and that Lady Macbeth is rather strained and spasmodic. At the same time, it is impossible not to feel that even the two first-mentioned portraits owe their chief charm to the earnestness with which the critic has seized on particular features in their characters, which appealed most strongly to his own sympathies, rather than to any searching insight into Shakspeare's intention. Thus, although his commentaries upon Falstaff and Jaques delight and surprise us by the reality with which the two human beings are made to stand before our minds; though we see them as two living men more distinctly than in any other criticism we can remember; yet, after all, we cannot help suspecting that it is the Falstaff and the Jaques of William Maginn, and not of William Shakspeare that we are looking at. "We find," says the Doctor, of Sir John:

"In fact, he is a dissipated man of rank, with a thousand times more wit than ever fell to the

lot of all the men of rank in the world. But he has ill-played his cards in life. He grumbles not at the advancement of men of his own order; but the bitter drop of his soul overflows when he remembers how he and that cheeseparing Shallow began the world, and reflects that the starveling justice has land and beeves, while he, the wit and the gentleman, is penniless, and living from hand to mouth by the casual shifts of the day. He looks at the goodly dwelling and the riches of him whom he had once so thoroughly contemned, with an inward pang that he has scarcely a roof under which he can lay his head. The tragic Macbeth, in the agony of his last struggle, acknowledges with a deep despair that the things which should accompany old age—as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends—he must not look to have. The comic Falstaff says nothing on the subject; but, by the choice of such associates as Bardolph, Pistol, and the rest of that following, he tacitly declares that he too has lost the advantages which should be attendant on years. No curses loud or deep have accompanied his festive career—its conclusion is not the less sad on that account; neglect, forgotten friendship, services overlooked, shared pleasures unremembered, and fair occasions gone for ever, haunt him, no doubt, as sharply as the consciousness of deserving universal hatred galls the soul of Macbeth."

Now we are willing enough to accept the Doctor's vindication of his hero from the charges of cowardice, gluttony, or malice, with which he is ordinarily associated. We will admit readily that he was a finer gentleman and a man of more intellect than is commonly supposed. But that he was conscious of any particular moral degradation in the life he led we cannot bring ourselves to believe. There is no trace of any bitterness towards others, or self-reproach towards himself in any of his numerous conversations. He wants money, for the sake of what money can buy; "What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday," and he was occasionally betrayed into exclamations of half-contemptuous wrath at the prosperity of a fool like Shallow. But that this was ever coupled with regret for wasted opportunities, or grief for unrequited services, we see no reason to imagine. He was a combination of intellect and sensuality, like Charles II. We can discover no vestiges of the sentimentalism imputed to him by Maginn. He was one of those men, of whom we all have met one or two in the course of our experience, who are led, partly by circumstances, and partly by natural inclination, to live by their powers of pleasing rather than by regular industry. Such men are often, indeed generally, cultivated gentlemen, versatile, witty, jovial, and heartless: delighted to meet their friends, but totally careless of them when absent: borrowing money with the full intention of paying it, but incapable of appreciating the point of view from which others regard a failure to do so: men of such abundance of wit, playful and jolly, rather than polished or piercing, that its mere reflection seems to make others witty also: men upon whom everybody breaks his jest, but who are never for one instant viewed in the light of butts: men who fluctuate between two reputations, a Fred Bayham on the one hand, or a Skimpole on the other; and are described either as jolly fellows and no one's enemies but their own, or as dangerous and unprincipled adventurers, according to the fancy of their different acquaintances. Such men as these would be self-contradictions if they ever brooded over the past. The sun of present enjoyment is just as essential to their existence as summer is to the swallow: a bird

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whom they resemble a good deal in the regularity with which they migrate from one circle of acquaintance to another when they feel the cold weather approaching. It is difficult to be angry with such men. Their wants, as Mr. Skimpole would have said, are few. Cannot society give them their claret, and melons, their *prandia* and *Callirhoë*, and leave them alone. They do not want to govern empires, or to propagate creeds, or generally to disturb or annoy the human race. They have such a thorough capacity for physical enjoyment; they seem to be living so strictly "according to nature" when they are eating, drinking, and jesting; it seems so cruel to goad their native indolence to labour; that it is scarcely to be wondered at they find so many patrons to humour them, independently of their power of pleasing in return. In Falstaff, therefore, we have always conceived that Shakspeare simply meant to draw the Elizabethan "jolly fellow," a more plain and outrageous jolly fellow than his modern representative, but essentially of the same stamp as those affable and embarrassed gentlemen to whom Mr. Thackeray loves to introduce us. A character of this kind brooding over "wasted opportunities" would be a monster. All sentiment is alien to it; and, as far as Falstaff alone is in question, the idea of such an element in his character would, to our minds, spoil the humour of half the best scenes in Shakspeare. That he was often acting a part to amuse the Prince, which is Maginn's belief, we trust will never become ours. We should lose all our relish for Sir John, if we fancied him not really loving the life he followed, and instead of this assuming more vices than he had for the sake of bread. We like to fancy him, "a goodly, portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage," perfectly contented with his existence, sunning himself in the favour of the heir-apparent, and feeling pretty sure of a provision. His birth and his abilities are not in the least degree inconsistent with this view of his character. But we must also, in conclusion, differ to some extent from Dr. Maginn in our interpretation of the Gadshill robbery. Falstaff running away is nothing; he might very readily have been afraid of a capture when he observed the absence of two important members of his party, and we can easily imagine the excited state in which he would return to the Boar's Head, and the exaggerations of which he would half unconsciously be guilty in his animated version of what had occurred. But then this will not explain everything. How are we to get rid of the hacked dagger and the spear-grass used to make his nose bleed? That indicates a deliberate design on Falstaff's part to dupe the Prince, which we cannot think, with the Doctor, was solely intended for the latter's amusement. We have no doubt that Falstaff, like many another man of the same stamp, was somewhat given "to talk big," a propensity which is occasionally found in conjunction with real courage. So that, on the whole, we think it would be nearer truth to assign the celebrated men in buckram to a very mixed origin—partly to his natural tendency to braggadocio, partly to his sense of fun, partly to an idea of revenging himself on the Prince for his desertion by making him the dupe of the invention. But that he concocted the whole affair merely to amuse his patron, is a theory which gives us a lower rather than a higher view of his character, and converts him from a jolly

companion, and man about town, into a mere trencherman and buffoon.

With Dr. Maginn's estimate of Jaques we feel more inclined to agree:

"He is nothing more than an idle gentleman given to musing, and making invectives, against the affairs of the world, which are more remarkable for the poetry of their style and expression than the pungency of their satire. His famous description of the seven ages of man is that of a man who has seen but little to complain of in his career through life."

That is to say, there is at bottom a Bulwerian element in his misery. It is the poetry of melancholy and not the reality which he knows. It is general, as derived from observation of human life, and not personal, as springing from his own experience. He had lost his property, it is true, but not after a fashion which is accustomed to give people much pain. As our author says:

"His mind is relieved of a thousand anxieties which beset him in the court, and he breathes freely in the forest. The iron has not entered into his soul; nothing has occurred to chase sleep from his eyelids; and his fantastic reflections are, as he himself takes care to tell us, but general observations on the ordinary and outward manners and feelings of mankind,—a species of taxing which

"—like a wild-geese flies,
Unclaim'd of any man."

But, for all this, we cannot agree with him that Falstaff is a whit more melancholy than Jaques. Falstaff may be, nay, he undoubtedly is, a more melancholy object to contemplate. But he was not melancholy in himself; such men are incapable of the sensation; otherwise, they could not live—the uncertainties of their prospects would kill them. But we quite concur in Maginn's theory of the melancholy Jaques, who was sad, not from necessity, but choice.

The next character on the list is that of Romeo. In this chapter there is nothing very striking. Romeo's salient characteristic is, in the Doctor's opinion, his ill-luck. An example of ill-luck is what Shakspeare intended by this play, and not merely an illustration of his *dictum* upon "true love," on which point the Doctor makes a very apposite quotation from Sir Walter Scott. Perhaps this view is a little fanciful, but it is scarcely worth serious discussion.

In Bottom the Weaver, Maginn is much more at home again. Polonius also is very clever. But we have heard the same opinion of him expressed in other quarters, namely, that he was no fool, except as far as his official position entailed foolery upon him.

Lady Macbeth, Timon, and Iago are all good, but not good enough for Maginn. In Lady Macbeth he sees above every other quality love for her husband, which carried her on to deeds from which her natural disposition would have shrunk:

"We find at last what she had sacrificed, how dreadful was the struggle she had to subdue. Her nerve, her courage, mental and physical, was unbroken during the night of the murder; but horror was already seated in her heart."

After quoting the lines in which she declares she would have dashed her infant's brains out, had she sworn to do it, as Macbeth had sworn to kill Duncan, he adds:

"Is she indeed so unnatural—so destitute of maternal, of womanly feeling? No. In the next scene we find her deterred from actual participation in killing Duncan, because he resembled her father in his sleep. This is not the lady to pluck the nipple from the boneless gums of her infant, and dash out its brains."

He calls her in conclusion "the sorely urged and broken-hearted Lady Macbeth." We have not much to say against this conception of her character, but we seem to feel that it is not exactly the true one. Her aversion to aid in shedding Duncan's blood because he resembled her father in his sleep, does not prove much. It may of course be all that Maginn makes of it; but it may be nothing more than the effect of one of those trifling circumstances by which great criminals are so frequently influenced. Her famous exclamation "Out damned spot," which the Doctor enlists also on his side, is scarcely more significant—Mrs. Manning might have said the same. Bill Sykes is described, in our opinion very truthfully, as affected by a similar horror. Terror and remorse after a wicked action are not incompatible surely with "recklessness and defiance" before it. These are all negative arguments, of course, but still they are good against pure assumption, as many of the Doctor's statements in this chapter seem to be.

We have now we think given our readers a pretty fair idea of these essays. They display everywhere an independence of judgment, and a careful study of his subjects, which combine to make his papers interesting, even where we differ from the conclusions they contain. But the most striking feature of the two most striking essays, is the steadiness with which he lays hold of points in the characters introduced which seem applicable to his own position. In all his lamentations over, and vindications of, Falstaff,—his wit, his misfortunes, and his recklessness,—peeps out the history of the Doctor and an implied defence of his own personal habits. So, in the essay upon Jaques, the critic's own contempt for the mock melancholy of a man who had never known the uncertainties and anxieties of Bohemianism is unmistakeable. It was very natural that the Doctor should write in this way. But the world may depend upon it, that your jolly fellow is generally quite as happy as he deserves to be, and that he is usually blest with an organisation which sets care at defiance.

Saul: a Drama, in Three Parts. Second Edition, carefully Revised and Emended. (Montreal: John Lovell. London: Routledge, Warne, & Routledge.)

GEMUS, like Love, "will find out the way," or this singular book, written and published in the backwoods of Canada, would hardly ever have had an opportunity of appealing to the suffrage of an English public. The mediator between the colonial bard and the metropolitan reader was, we have been given to understand, Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne, who brought a copy over on his last visit to this country, and left it in judicious and discriminating hands. A notice in the *North British Review* was the result, and this, it would appear, has led to the simultaneous publication of the second edition in Montreal and London. We have been particular in detailing these circumstances, for the book is not one to recommend itself at first sight. It belongs to that unhalloved and appalling class of productions—the native element of those poets who have no notion of proportion or artistic finish, or unity of impression, or anything that their betters have thought worth attending to—the dramatic poem, whose lines are counted by the thousand. Pardonable is the scepticism that distrusts the possibility of good from this particular

Nazareth, and one hardly to be confuted by the production of one or two of the many fine passages to be met with in the work; for even the good things of the megatherium school of dramatists are apt to be so absurdly misplaced, as to appear little better than so many brilliant impertinences. It is needful to read the book with some attention to recognise the unity of feeling by which it is pervaded throughout, the fertility displayed in the invention of the characters, and the plastic power by which (with one or two rather important exceptions) they are made to contribute to the dramatic effect. The author is evidently a close student of Shakspeare, and often reproduces the most obvious characteristics of the Shakspearean drama with quite startling fidelity. What most forcibly arrests the attention on first reading Shakspeare, is his lavish prodigality of resource, and skill in, as it were, manœuvring multitudes. To read a Greek play is like going to see a *tableau vivant*, where five or six persons at most combine to produce an effective group by means of attitudes previously rehearsed; but a Shakspearean drama is like a great battle, not less a definite action, with beginning, middle, and end, for being worked out by an innumerable multitude of actors, and a thousand evolutions necessarily unpremeditated. This unity in variety is also a marked characteristic of "Saul," and as a flock of sheep may pass for an army at a distance, so its ease of handling frequently brings Shakspeare to the mind—an impression decidedly assisted by the plain, robust Saxon of the diction, and many imitations almost sufficiently close for plagiarisms, were they not redeemed by interspersed strokes of original thought. It is needless to add that this similarity will not sustain a very minute criticism. Like flowers, Shakspeare's plays are equally marvellous as wholes and in parts, as viewed by the microscope or with the naked eye. A single speech often gives the essence of a character, a single line may afford scope for inexhaustible reflection. "Saul" is a flower of wax, without cells or veins, or any microcosm of beauty and marvel to repay profound study. The characters are mostly true to nature, but to nature as seen in the rough; the poet's eye has not been sufficiently acute, or sufficiently close, to remark her delicate and almost insensible gradations. The action is a very tolerable portrait of life in a certain phase, not as, with Shakspeare, her infallible mirror. Still, even in these respects, the poet surpasses all contemporary dramatists except Mr. Browning, whose apparent superiority may perhaps be due to his choice of subjects nearer to the sympathies of the modern world.

Two serious defects, however, interfere with the high standing the author of "Saul" might otherwise claim as a dramatic poet. The first arises from the nature of the story. It would be idle to deny that the Jewish conceptions of Deity were very different from ours—that, according to our notions, Saul did but approve himself an excellent Protestant when he proceeded to offer sacrifice without waiting for the priest—and that we have learned to think the kind treatment, rather than the massacre, of captives acceptable to Him whose mercy is over all his works. No doubt the difficulty is capable of a satisfactory solution—only not at the hands of poets. Like the woman, the poet who deliberates is lost. He must not stop to preach and argue, to explain this and qualify that, to say "This part of my action may

appear very disagreeable, and, in fact, would be so, were it not for certain moral considerations to which such an one will request your attention while he is preparing to poison the king." An action must explain its own *raison d'être*, or remain unintelligible; the writhings of Laocoon were preposterous had the sculptor forgotten the serpents, though he had graven ever so elegant an inscription to explain why they were not there. The author of "Saul" has not attempted any such useless justification, nor has he departed from his authorities and essayed the rehabilitation of his hero. He has simply adapted the Scriptural narrative, adding no more than dramatic exigencies require, and taking little or nothing away. The effect is excessively painful, almost revolting—for, as the case is put before us, the sympathy we cannot refuse Saul is necessarily revolt against Heaven. What is no objection to the Biblical narrative as we receive it, becomes a very serious one as soon as the action is transferred from the world of prose to the world of poetry. From the historian we expect nothing but a plain statement of facts; his task would be endless were he to attempt to solve the moral problems that spring up with every incident he details. But the poet's is a world of beauty and harmony, and if it be the greatest triumph of the greatest poets to create delight from pain, and blood, and desolation, and whatever appears most unlovely till visited by their divine light, so it is their worst discomfiture when the evil thing they have introduced into their Paradise refuses to assume a nature in harmony with the spot, and remains dark, perplexing, and revolting still.

The correlative of this unpleasant dramatic economy is a certain tameness and frigidity of style, far, indeed, from being a general characteristic, but all the more marked for appearing precisely where it would have been least natural to expect it. Saul's speeches are in general worthy of his character and situation, and the inferior personages—soldiers, attendants, and the like—are frequently picturesque to the total oblivion of all dramatic propriety. But the personages who should have been especially interesting are simply abortions. Nothing can match the insipidity of David, unless it be the insipidity of Samuel. The greatest occasions, the most stirring situations, are insufficient to make the one enthusiastic, or the other dignified. Even Saul himself is apt to break down in his set speeches, failing where the course of the action, as marked out by the historian, absolutely requires him to say something fine and effective in scenes of the author's own devising. This inability to work out the conceptions of others is at all events a guarantee of sterling originality—a merit which will hardly be refused to the writer of a soliloquy like this:

SAUL.

To hunt and to be hunted make existence;
For we are all or chasers or the chased;
And some weak, luckless wretches ever seem
Flying before the bounds of circumstance,
A-down the windy gullies of this life;
Till, topping over death's uncertain verge,
We see of them no more. Surely this day
Has been a wild epitome of life!
For life is merely a protracted chase;
Yea, life itself is only a long day,
And death arrives like sundown. Lo, the sun
Lies down i' th' waters, and the murky moon
Out of the east sails sullen. 'Tis the hour
Of fear and melancholy, when the soul
Hangs poised, with folded wings, 'tween day and night.
Now grow I sad as evening, yea, as night;
And boding cometh, like eve's mournful bird,
Across my soul's sea, doleful to my heart.

Therein, alas! now new misgivings rise
At Abner's well-meant but superfluous words,
That, lieu of stilling fears with sense of safety,
Stir doubts of danger: as a friendly hand,
In the repose and hollow of the night,
Officially stretched forth to scare one fly
From a sick sleeper, might upraise a swarm
To buzz and to awake him. Down, black bodes,
False flies! or, if ye will not settle, come
And singe your little sicken wings at lamp
Of this great victory.

Or a piece of description like this:

SAUL.

Take some food, and be revived
While light remains for labor. See, the clouds
Clear off, and leave the expanse o' th' sky serene,
Although obscure.

FIRST OFFICER.

This is the most romantic
Of all time's hours!

SECOND OFFICER.

Witchcraft now seems to hang
Between the horns o' th' moon, that cannot shine
Through the vast, darksome chamber of the night,
Which now appears, to my imagination,
Upriven to magic and the spells profane
Of sorcerers, and the hags whose bodies bend
Ever forward, from their long-continued gazing
Into caldrons of incantation. Art thou not,
O Saul, afraid of the magicians' charms
Directed 'gainst thee for their rooting out?

SAUL.

I fear them not, nor anything that comes
Within the range of their claimed ministry;
Whether ghosts of the departed, or bad angels
Who 'tis affirmed are sold into their service
For the price of their own souls; yea, if the Devil
Now stood alone by me on this dusk field,
I'd snub him with ill manners. Yet the moon
Wears unto me the same weird aspect as
She wears to thee; and when I was a boy,
I was (as even to this hour I am)
Fascinated by the horror of this quarter;
Loving it more than when, her face expanding,
The dim equivocation wears away,
Until at full she languishes i' th' sky,
And shines down like an angel.

FIRST OFFICER.

Spectre-like,
And with a few spectator stars, she goes
Down westward, as if leading the obsequies
Of those of her idolatrous worshippers,
Who, by their own swords or by ours, have perished
Since broke this day's strange morn.

SAUL.

Hearken; to the blast
Sighs through yon cypress' tops the dismal dirge
Of the remainder; whom their own cusped goddess,
Pale Astaroth, yon moon, shall from heaven's verge
See send, like spectres, over the dim grove;
For soon we will re-urge the invader's flight,
Nor leave one breathing by the morning light.

Isolated passages of this nature, however brilliant, are poor vouchers for the merit of a work whose object should be the production of total impression. There is no other way, however, of recognising the great success of "Saul" in this respect than by reading it. We cannot quote the whole, and must be content with adding two or three more fragments conspicuous for originality of thought and force of diction:

He did from us retire,
As we supposed to ponder your request
Alone, and lay it before the Lord; but soon
Returned, and in such sad and solemn style
Foretold the issues of our granted wish,
That, for a season, we stood wavering;
Even as the headstrong wind, when, having blown
Strongly out of one quarter, on a sudden,
As if uncertain of its next direction,
It restless veers, travelling nor east nor west,
Nor north nor south; so we, surprised,
Perplexed, revolving, and not knowing whether
To retain this evil or to accept of that.

Fail ye!

Let the morn fail to break; I will not break
My word. Haste, or I'm there before you. Fail!
Let the morn fail the east; I'll not fail you.
But, swift and silent as the streaming wind,
Unseen approach, then, gathering up my force
At dawning, sweep on Ammon, as Night's blast
Sweeps down from Carmel on the dusky sea.

FIRST DEMON.

Now let us down to hell; we've seen the last.

SECOND DEMON.

Stay; for the road thereto is yet incumbered
With the descending spectres of the killed.
'Tis said they choke hell's gates, and stretch from
thence
Out like a tongue upon the silent gulf;
Wherein our spirits—even as terrestrial ships

That are detained by foul winds in an offing—
Linger perforce, and feel broad gusts of sighs,
That swing them on the dark and billowless waste,
O'er which come sounds more dismal than the boom,
At midnight, of the salt-flood's foaming surf—
Even dead Amalek's moan and lamentation.

SAUL.

Still more, still more: I feel the demon move
Amidst the gloomy branches of my breast;
Even as a bird that buries itself deeper
Within its nest at stirring of the storm.

I mock not them
Nor thee, prophetic, hear, and reverend being,
Who, in the majesty of virtue, standest,
Here in this still recess and wooded vale,
Serenely girt by thy young ministering band;
Even as the midnight moon, when it, full orb'd,
Hangs in the heaven's blue hall, what time the night,
Along with it and some selectest stars,
Holds court unseen by the dull, slumbering world.

Many passages display, not merely verbal beauty, but true mental subtlety and psychological insight. This is especially the case with the scenes where the demon Malzah—Saul's tempter, and a very remarkable creation—figures directly or indirectly. Malzah is a sort of diabolical Puck—a merry devil, continually getting into absurd scrapes—a being with whom it is difficult to associate the idea of either right or wrong. There is not a particle of malignity about him, and he is certainly much less of a fiend than the so-called angel Zeletha, who pitilessly keeps him to his work long after he has become tired of it. Yet he is the very incarnation of vanity, selfishness, and frivolity, and so much the creature of circumstances as, overjoyed at his release from Saul, to express his intention of straightway becoming an angel. At the same time he is a philosopher, and accurate student of human nature:

His mind's defences are blown down by passion;
And I can enter him unchallenged, as
A traveller does an inn, and, when I'm there,
(He is himself now so much like a demon,)
He will not notice me.

This diabolical acuteness is communicated to the possessed Saul:

I am beneath the tyranny of a vow,
Which I will honour whilst I am eclipsed,
That I hereafter may have power to plead
I did it in the darkness. 'Tis the fiend—
He darkens, yet illuminates, my mind,
Like the black heavens when lightnings ride the wind.

Much more might be quoted, but enough has probably been adduced to prove that, in the author of "Saul," the poetic and the philosophic intellect have combined to form a dramatist of no common order. We hope to meet with him again.

The Speaker at Home. By Rev. J. J. Halcombe, M.A. With a chapter on the *Physiology of Speech*, by W. H. Stone, M.A., M.D., &c., &c. (Bell & Daldy.)

It may generally be predicted with tolerable certainty that a book on elocution, especially if written by a clergyman, will consist mainly of a discussion of the comparative advantages of extempore, and what may be called, for the sake of brevity, written, preaching. No one, therefore, will be surprised to find that Mr. Halcombe has devoted the greater part of his small work to the consideration of this branch of his subject. After a few preliminary remarks on the universal utility of a ready faculty of speaking in public, and on the absurdity of expecting to acquire it without long and assiduous practice, he plunges at once in *medias res*, and bears energetic testimony to the general superiority of extempore over written discourses. His opinion, though in accordance we believe with that of the majority of the church-going public, is perhaps somewhat too strongly and unconditionally expressed. Few, we think, will deny

that an extempore sermon, provided it be not inferior in coherence and argumentative construction, will generally be superior in force and effectiveness to a written discourse. But Mr. Halcombe goes farther than this, and is inclined to attribute to extempore speaking, irrespective of its goodness or badness, an inherent power, the possession of which might, at any rate, be reasonably disputed. He says, for example, that it is sure to attract attention—"whether such speaking be good, bad, or indifferent, you cannot help listening,"—and illustrates his assertion in the following manner:

"Let four persons be in a room together—A is talking to B, and C to D, and B wishes to hear what C is saying; no matter what commonplace A is talking, B cannot so entirely abstract his mind as to listen to C; this is tenfold more the case in a public assembly, where hundreds are keeping silence for one man to speak."

The two cases are surely less strictly parallel than Mr. Halcombe supposes them to be. No doubt, under the foregoing circumstances, B would have considerable difficulty in fully appreciating all that C was saying; but the principal source of this difficulty would be the necessity imposed upon him by the ordinary rules of courtesy, of seeming to listen to A, and of interjecting brief replies at suitable intervals. But if B were one of an audience to whom C was delivering an extempore sermon, there would be no such necessity for him to exhibit outward and visible signs of sustained attention; and, as nothing would be required of him but to sit still, he might, we think, please himself about listening to C or thinking of something else. The mere fact of C's having no book before him would not of itself command B's attention, if neither the matter nor the manner of the discourse were such as to excite his interest. In order to make the circumstances at all parallel, we must suppose that A is sitting next to B, and is chattering into his ear during the whole of the discourse; but even then the interruption would be less certainly distracting than in the previous case, since B would be under no obligation to show any signs of attention to A's remarks.

But, though Mr. Halcombe may seem to attach an undue importance to the mere form of extemporaneous preaching, he is far from underrating the necessity of carefully preparing the subject-matter of the discourse. He states very distinctly that, though the language be extempore, it by no means follows that the matter should be so likewise. On the contrary, he recommends the practice of committing to memory a previously written sermon, as the best, if not the only, method of acquiring an adequate faculty of extempore preaching. In anticipating the probable objections to this plan, derived from the time that would be required to carry it out fully, he makes some observations which may safely be commended to the notice of at least the majority of clergymen:

"In the first place, it must be remembered that to deliver a sermon even from a manuscript always requires a laborious preparation of two or three hours at least, in addition to the time spent in writing it, and that, too, even in the case of the very best readers. Unless a man is content to give up the power and effect which he undoubtedly gains by looking towards those to whom he is speaking, he must have gained so accurate an acquaintance with his subject that the eye may readily take in the whole of a sentence at a glance, and that, too, during the momentary pauses which he makes in the delivery. That this is one secret

of the power of many of our most effective preachers, few probably will deny: by this means they approach indefinitely near to the manner of extempore speaking, while they secure all the advantages of having the manuscript before them."

Some of the hints by means of which Mr. Halcombe endeavours to ensure the young extempore preacher from the possibility of failure have a *naïveté* about them which almost irresistibly provokes a smile. For instance, he advises him always to be provided with a ready-made conclusion to a sermon; so that the consciousness of being able to conclude naturally at any moment may obviate the nervousness which the possibility of coming to a stand-still might otherwise excite. Not to mention the awkward contingency of the stand-still being arrived at at a very early period of the discourse, we fear that the difficulty of framing a conclusion in sufficiently general terms to admit of its natural adaptation to every passage in a discourse at which a break-down is possible, will preclude this device from meeting with such general adoption as, from its frankness and ingenuity, it certainly deserves.

There is nothing very new in the remarks on reading aloud with which Mr. Halcombe concludes his share of the volume before us; the illustrative anecdotes, especially, are more than commonly venerable; but they nevertheless contain a few observations of considerably practical importance. One of them refers to the system of punctuation at present employed, and is to the effect that it is not only an uncertain and insufficient guide to the reader, but was manifestly never intended to do anything more than to point out the grammatical construction. Mr. Halcombe cites many passages to show that the places in a sentence at which, in reading aloud, pauses would naturally be made, are frequently very different from those indicated by the punctuation, and concludes that "if there is one fault in a child to which one might be disposed to be very lenient, it would be that of not minding his stops." He even goes so far as to regard the child's mistakes in this respect as the efforts of nature, struggling against an artificial system into which it is being forced. In another passage Mr. Halcombe warns the reader against "the error of giving undue prominence to small words, and of pronouncing them as they are spelt, instead of according to the conventional manner of using them." In this warning we heartily concur. Few readers are more distressing than those who invariably drag monosyllables out of their natural obscurity into public notice; or who systematically ferret out the unfortunate *h* in words like *ghost* or *weight*, and insist on aspirating it with ruthless distinctness.

Mr. Stone, who has furnished the concluding chapter of Mr. Halcombe's volume, appears before the public with so formidable a string of titles attached to his name, that it seems almost like presumption to express even a favourable opinion of his production. In transcribing the title of the work at the head of this notice, we have feebly endeavoured to indicate his unusual wealth in this respect by a few vague &c.'s; but our conscience will not allow us to pass over so stately an array in so cursory a manner. Mr. Stone is not only M.A. and M.D., but he is also F.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P.; he was scholar of Balliol College, Oxford, and he is medical registrar to St. Thomas's Hospital. Without stopping to weigh too curiously the distinctiveness of all these

titles, or the necessity of recording them on this occasion, we will say at once that the chapter contributed by their bearer is, both in matter and style, quite the most considerable portion of the volume before us. It is in fact a brief but remarkably clear and well written treatise on the physiology of speech, including a minute but intelligible description of the vocal organs, an elaborate analysis of the various sounds actually used in speech, and an interesting statement of the causes of stammering, and of other vocal impediments or deficiencies. We cannot better conclude our notice of this volume than by a brief extract from a chapter, the whole of which is well worthy of an attentive perusal:

"Rapidity of speech is not only the result of actual hurry, and irrespective of the language, but in England, at least, is favoured by the peculiarities of the language itself. The principle of accentuating strongly one syllable of every word is susceptible of much abuse and exaggeration. For an excess of stress on the accented part, or a neglected enunciation of the unaccented members, produce the same evil result; the sentence becomes, what often strikes foreigners very disagreeably, a string of audible accented syllables standing out from an inaudible mass of inarticulate sounds. We ourselves learn to supply this deficiency from habit and memory; but it is none the less reprehensible on that account. To this defect of speech much attention has been given, and perhaps it has attained an undue prominence from the neglect of precautions equally essential. At the same time no fault is so common or so little reprehended by society. The omission of aspirates is reckoned a disqualification for the company of gentlemen; while a loose and languid utterance which articulates none but the accented syllable, and completely drops the terminal letters of every word, is, in some quarters, held evidence of good breeding."

Gilbert Marlowe, and other Poems. By William Whitmore. With Preface by the Author of "Tom Brown's School Days." (Macmillan.)

We learn from the Preface by Mr. Hughes, that the author of this volume is a young man, a house-painter by trade, and one who has had to earn his living since he was ten years of age. These facts are highly creditable to Mr. Whitmore, but, without positive merit in his productions, they would be insufficient now-a-days to excite any interest in the public mind. It is no longer held as an extraordinary thing that a mechanic should have found time and opportunity for self-culture, or that the desire for self-improvement should have been generated in his mind. Bloomfields, Tannahills, and Clares, create astonishment no longer. Genius, it has been found, is not limited to one class of the community, and when that has been vouchsafed, culture and self-help have followed. To say nothing of such notable examples as Burns, Hugh Miller, Faraday, Livingstone, Marshman, and others, meritorious volumes in almost every department of literature have appeared in abundance from the pens of men who had followed the calling of tailors, postmen, weavers, shoemakers, compositors, blacksmiths, and almost every other craft that could be named. There is, therefore, no extraneous excitement on the subject, and the mechanic has to come down into the lists and win his spurs by fair fight, without quarter, and without favour, side by side with those who have had every advantage of training and culture. This is, undoubtedly, a healthy sign of the times. It proves not only that there is no monopoly of intellectual power, but that both those who

have had all the benefits of birth, wealth, position, and elaborate culture, as well as the hard-handed mechanic, have come to recognise and acknowledge this fact; it proves that there is no longer that supercilious assumption of all virtues and graces on the part of the wealthy and the educated, which formerly led them to regard the gifted and self-taught working-man as a prodigy whose appearance might, for anything they knew to the contrary, be ominous of a new and untried state of things; and it is no less satisfactory to find the artisan cordially willing to make merit the sole condition of success, and gladly dispensing with whatever might be regarded as adventitious. The public is now the sole patron on whom an author has to rely, and what the public demands is excellence. It does not ask how this has been acquired, nor does it desire, in the first instance at least, to know how many difficulties beset the path of the aspirant, but looks simply at the product; and if this prove to be the genuine mintage of genius, it may then feel some curiosity regarding the author.

Mr. Whitmore is a fair specimen of the more gifted members of his class. We could easily point to brighter examples of genius; nevertheless his verses have the ring of true metal about them, and afford ample evidences of a cultivated mind. The following reflections on the ruins of Bradgate, where Lady Jane Grey spent the happiest portion of her brief and beautiful life, flow naturally and musically:

But young inheritors
Came gaily, with the morning on their brow,
And sable sorrow blossomed into smiles,
Gay pageants passed in at the arched gate;
Banquets were spread; bright dames and damosels
Lit the dim hall with sunshine of their looks;
Up in the merry room, a gallant train
With hawk and hound forth issued to the chase,
And with their shoutings hill and valley rang.
At eventide retired, soft voices low,
And eyes, the stars of twilight, made discourse
Most tender-sweet, most eloquent of love,
While the swift hours in ecstasy stood still
Till the pale moon surprised them from mid-heaven.
All now are less than shadows. Naught remains
But silence, and these ruins, and the charm
Of her, the young, the beautiful, the blest,
The ten days' Queen.

It is, however, in his longer poems that we must look for those evidences of poetic power which have won for him the good wishes and evident admiration of the popular author of "Tom Brown's School Days." The piece which gives the title to the volume, "Gilbert Marlowe," teems with promise; and when read in the light of the writer's life, it will be found to be full of matter for serious thought and gratulation. It is clear that this working man has had his mind impressed with the same mysteries as those which have occupied, and are still occupying, the attention of the profoundest thinkers of the age, and that his ordinary avocations have not been so lowly as to hinder him from soaring out of the seething wretchedness of great cities into the serene heaven of faith and beauty. Not without a hard struggle, however, is Gilbert Marlowe brought out of the darkness which besets so many inquiring minds in these strange, transitional days of ours. He vexes himself with such questionings as the following:

For what availeth Love uncrowned by Faith?
What if this boundlessness of lavish life,
Swelling in fine affections, be dispersed
Like bubbles into air, and leave no trace?
What if the ocean of the mighty heart
Must heave, wild, wasteful, under sun and moon
And all the stars, and beat upon no shore?
Or if the soul, with its aspiring thoughts
That roam the realms of morning, and o'erspread
The brooding twilight, mingling earth and heaven,
Must drop to darkness without hope of day?

For some time he obtains no satisfactory reply to these world-old questions; but at last, after a series of salutary influences have been at work upon his mind, the answer comes in peace, and joy, and blessedness. Here is a description of the interior of a village church, as seen or rather felt by Gilbert, after he had attained to his better mind:

Oft had he lingered while the choral swell
Of voices sweet, and organ's pomp of praise
Thro' grand old temples rolled, like pageants proud
Thro' cities full of triumph; and some moments
He soared aloft with those high harmonies
That seemed to take the heavens, and roll thro'
The everlasting gates, and fade away
Mid hallelujahs of the seraph-choirs.
But not by anthem, with all stately sounds
Pealing in glory 'long cathedral-aisles,
And proudly lingering in the fretted roof
With echoes from the very bourn of heaven,
Was he so moved as by the simple psalm
In this old village church. For lowly sweet,
Sinking with human weakness, humbly rising
With faith divine, yet trembling, 'twas the voice
Of his dumb feeling which could take no shape
But inarticulate music. And withal
It was a spell that waken'd blessed hopes
Shaded with brooding memories, all mingling
In swelling joy to sobriety subdued—
Glee touched with tender gloom—a sad delight,
Yet most delightful sadness.

Many passages of powerful eloquence meet us here and there, where the thoughts hurry on with a fine though measured sweep. Indeed, Mr. Whitmore's verses are less remarkable for the originality of their imagery and the beauty of their separate thoughts than for the artistic manner in which they are marshalled. There is much earnestness in the volume, but it is generally little perturbed by passion, and is nearly always calm, but this is always the calm of earnestness and sincerity. We have many fine thoughts, and striking images, but there are comparatively few of these which are properly the author's own; and yet they are so linked together in the golden bondage of his eloquence that their effect is novel and powerful. We must not omit to quote the following noble passage, supposed to be uttered by one of Mr. Whitmore's characters:

"Nay, my friends,"—
Martin spoke yet again—"Is't well, is't fit,
That man should rest his infinite faculties
On one frail fleeting chance, and when that fails
Straight sink into despair, or helpless wait
What the next wind may blow? Why stand ye here,
As if enchanted in this narrow bound?
Why do ye swarm, and sort with mere machines,
And herd, and breed, until your very babes
Are competitors? Awake, awake,
For your redemption drops not from the sky,
But must be wrought with your own hands and hearts.
Away with weak complaining, and put forth
The mighty will commanding! The proud world
Turns his broad back upon us when we mope
In sullen gloom, but soon as we uplift
A clear bold brow, a heart to do and dare,
Then he comes round us with smiling face,
And serves us like a vassal. O my friends,
O men, my comrades, let us join our hands,
And pledge our faith in a fraternal bond:
Like brothers let us labour each for all,
And all for each. Then these afflictive powers
Will be our ministers beneficent;
The tyrant steam will be our mighty slave,
And iron engines toil and never tire
In our behoof. The old way is outworn—
Carve a new path. Let cogs and senseless wheels
Perform all scullion labours, that the soul
May so be urged unto more noble work,
Worthy itself. For undiscovered worlds
Of noble work yet wait our enterprise,
With depths of wealth unknown, and heights on heights
Of sunless elevation. Know ye not
The time will come when earth shall be renewed,
And want grow fabulous, and fraud and wrong
Fade into dim tradition; when all boons
Of art and nature all mankind shall bless,
Freely as sun and rain; when open faith
And honour shall have away; and even trade
Become heroic, and dispense its gifts
To man with God-like magnanimity,
Blessing yet boasting not! The time will come!
Then shall your sorrows cease, your hurts be healed,
And you, and I, and all of us rejoice.
O let us toil like brothers with one heart;
So shall we bring that jubilee of love—
So shall we go forth, heralds of great joy,
And all the pomp and glory of the world
Will follow at our heels. Rich men shall learn

They also are our brothers, and no more
In selfish splendour, eating their own hearts,
Supinely revel, but rejoicing rise
To be our captains in the grand emprise
Of blessedness for all—making their names
The themes of honour, and their piles of gold
The pedestals of greatness."

The following picture of a group of village children is, we think, beautiful:

They came in all their innocent glee—a sight
To charm grey autumn with a dream of spring.
And as they wandered, flowed their happy thoughts
In streams of rippling smiles, with bubble-bursts
Of merriment, into the still air.
Lightly they tripped among the withered leaves—
They knew not of decay—new-crowned Immortals,
With all God's benedictions on their heads,
And round them Eden, guarded from the world
By flaming swords, which men may never pass.

Scores of passages of equal beauty and equal worth could easily be culled, did space permit; but we forbear. That Mr. Whitmore is no ordinary man is very evident; and, in order that we may profit by what he has to say, let us, as Mr. Hughes suggests, try to realise his life as well as we can while we read. "Few of us," he remarks, "can do it as we ought. The grim reality of such a life cannot be really known to us. But, making such effort as we can, let us read; and, as we read, I think we shall thank God for training amongst our poorer brethren men who can think, and feel, and write, as this man has done"—words which we heartily indorse. Nevertheless, we would advise Mr. Whitmore, when next he makes his appearance in print, to give us a little more of the heart-life of his class. He has already shown us how working men think, how they stand related to the perplexing questions of the intellect, but has given us few glimpses of the domestic felicities and trials of artisans—has proved plainly enough that working men read "Sartor Resartus," and the Essays of Emerson, as well as those who are styled their betters, but has said and sung little or nothing about the hearth and the home; and yet here, if anywhere, the poet of the people should be more potent than many of his more aristocratic contemporaries, for it is here that the virtues of the people are born and cherished, uncrushed and unrestrained by conventionalism: it is here that the worker feels that he is a man, although out of doors he may be regarded as a mere machine—a "man" in the truest sense, if he is but worthy, because he, more than many others, fills natural and primeval functions without warp and hindrance of fashion and prejudice.

THE FRENCH DRAMA.

We have recently called attention to the unpromising condition of the English drama, and have especially adverted to a fact unhappily too patent, that nearly all our plays are adaptations from the French.

This being admitted, and a general notion prevailing that with regard to comedies and farces the eighth commandment is temporarily suspended, it may be as well to take a glance at the productions of the French dramatic muse, not as we see them at the Haymarket, the Olympic, the Adelphi, and the Strand theatres, but as they first appear on their native Boulevards.

That new pieces are continually represented in Paris, full of wit and variety, with plots admirably constructed and dialogue original and sparkling, is what no one denies. Here lies our *repertoire*. It ought not to be so, but we deal with facts as they are, and if we have a Theban atmosphere, and only now and then produce a Pindar or an Epaminondas, we must be only the more thankful

when they do come, and in the meantime eke out our deficiencies by importations from more favoured climes. Small colleges not unfrequently take their tutors from great ones, and in the vast university of the drama, England has gradually sunk down to be a small college. But as our play-going public is almost if not quite as numerous as that on the banks of the Seine, how is it that we have not more "adaptations?" A good play is praised, patronised, and paid for, no matter where it comes from, and it may seem strange that, with so large a store open to us, we satisfy ourselves with so little.

The reason, or rather one of the reasons, is what we have already given; the philosophy of life is a different thing on the two sides of the Channel, scores of plays are well received by a Parisian audience which would fall flat and dead on London ears. There is nothing that we can understand in them, and if it be made a matter of marvel that there should be any difficulty in understanding a French farce—just let us consider how many classical scholars are at home with Aristophanes. They understand his language and his plot, but the subtle appeals to the spirit of the time, the hints only to be comprehended by an Athenian of his own age—all these things are necessarily lost. Who could adapt *The Clouds* or *The Frogs*? The difficulty is of course smaller in degree, but the same in kind, with many a piece very successful in Paris.

Another reason is that our notions of morality would be shocked by much that excites no emotion whatever in France. The pieces which we do adapt suffer great changes in this respect. A Frenchman may be a very good man, but he sees a certain kind of life every day, and he has grown callous to it. He does not approve of it—much less imitate it. But he regards it with a certain amount of toleration, as something which must and will exist, and with which he has personally no concern. He expects to see on the stage what he sees in reality; and he is led to make just the same amount of toleration for it. This is a widely different question from that of morals taken abstractedly. We are not claiming a higher standard for ourselves than for the French, though we think we might do so without fear of being proved in the wrong; but what we are now concerned to show is, that our views of social ethics are different, and that, consequently, many things are tolerable and tolerated on one side of the Channel which are severely reprobated on the other. We have no "*demi-monde*"—we have all its constituents, but we do not recognise it as an institution. In France it is so, and it has its various classes, from absolute and mistaken virtue down to equally absolute and unmistakeable vice. It is impossible to read half-a-dozen French novels, or to see half-a-dozen French plays, without being made sensible of this, and without at the same time feeling that the institution, vile and disgusting as it is under most of its aspects, is yet not wholly evil. But then all these novels are untranslatable, and all these plays unadaptable; we will have no *demi-monde*, and we are quite right. We are much better without it; it never will and never can take root here; and we must make up our minds to the consequent restriction which is imposed on our inroads into the regions of the French drama.

Another cause, not so much of the comparatively small range within which we can "adapt," as of the difficulty of adapting at

all, is to be found in what was a common French practice, viz., for two authors to write a play conjointly, each infused his own spirit into their common work, and it would, to do it anything like justice, require two "adapters," each qualified to enter into the mind of one of the original authors.

The French stage being then the great source of the English drama, all the difficulties and hindrances of "adaptation" have to be taken into consideration, before we are in a position to judge of what is really being done among ourselves. Now it does seem that within the last few years a great change has come over the French drama. It is improving, and largely improving. Not that its moral tone is much higher than it was, not that it gives any signs of renouncing the "*demi-monde*;" indeed, to do this would be to abdicate its assumed dignity—over its certain it still inscribes "*veluti in speculo*!" and its defenders say, without hesitation, if you find fault with the stage because it is not virtuous, you are unjust; it is the office of the stage to reflect the world; what the one is, the other ought to be. This is not the excuse of careless writers who have little or no interest in social progress, but the theory of men all whose works are devoted to the cause of virtue. If the age be vicious the stage ought to be vicious also, for its first duty is to reflect the age faithfully. All this does not, they say, hinder a piece which represents a profligate transaction from condemning it, and that severely; in fact, it is its duty to do so. But to give pictures of Arcadian simplicity, and then expect that they shall be taken as true sketches of "Life in Paris," would be a simple absurdity.

The vaudeville has very nearly run its race. Comedies are becoming longer, more carefully studied, more artistically composed. Take a volume of French plays from ten to twenty years old, and what admirable skill in construction you will find, what sharp and racy dialogue! In no other country can its equal be found; but look for a true portrait of human nature, look for a man or a woman, individually so—distinct from the rest—and you will not find one, no, not with the lantern of Diogenes. All are a crowd of Parisians; they have varieties, but only Parisian varieties. Now it seems that there has been a cry for something better than this. The school of Scribe and Co. is passing away. There is more real depth in French society than there was, and a profounder drama is required to represent it. Three writers may be taken as exponents of this better state, not because they are all, but because they are the chief. We begin with the younger Dumas. Vivid and witty, he is more like Douglas Jerrold than any other French dramatist, but he is less earnest, less profound than the great English satirist. He sees, like Jerrold, a low state of morals, but, instead of kicking and lashing, he laughs and—accepts. Take his play of *The Natural Son*, for example. How gingerly he treats the condition of society, which makes the bar sinister no disgrace. How willing, nay, how anxious, is he, to avoid any discussion on first principles. These things are: we cannot help it, we must accept the *status quo*. But what is to be done with the unfortunate stranger? It is lawful to leave both mother and child to want, it is lawful to disown and yet support them, but it is more prudent to watch over and protect them—that boy may become a financier, a banker, a marshal of France, and then he might be useful—yes, it is best, on the

whole, to take the paternal character. All this could not be made matter of argument in England. M. Dumas, jun., is quite out of place as a teacher, he has yet to learn the very A B C of ethics, but he can dissect the foibles of humanity with a hand almost as nice as that of Thackeray, he can distinguish minute shades of character, and all with an ease of touch and delicacy of finish which is quite perfect in its way. Another writer, considered in France a greater man because he has been received among the mystic forty, is M. Augier, author of "*Gabrielle*" and "*Philibert*," but also of "*Les Lionnes Pawres*," and of "*Un Beau Mariage*." Here we find more accuracy, more artistic skill, but less vivacity—while, at least, we can trace as great care in studying human nature, and as much conscientiousness in representing it aright. But, as to morals, the very best lesson that M. Augier has to give is that when the strength declines and the hair grows grey, the chimney corner is the best place, and a faithful wife the best society! The old, old Parisian story—Chateaubriand thought himself insulted because it was proposed to him to marry before he was "used up!"

Is there anything better behind? No! M. Barriere is the third whom common consent has placed at the head of the French drama; he is admitted to take his subjects "out of the depths." He shows what they are, and deals with them as hard, stern realities. True, he does this gracefully—elegantly—he is witty, concise, epigrammatic, master at once of his subject and of his language, but he cannot be adapted, and besides, he is notorious for taking no pains; the talent he has he uses, but he does not study to improve it. Yet the drama is advancing—if we are still to borrow, it is satisfactory to know that that from which we take our materials is becoming more valuable. We may import more skill, more dramatic learning, more genius, and more study; we are safe from the social ethics of the Parisian stage.

But how humiliating is the confession that we must be so far beholden to it. What thanks would not be due to the writers who should institute a British school of comedy.

NEW NOVELS.

Extremes. By Emma Willsher Atkinson, Author of "Memoirs of the Queen of Prussia." (Smith & Elder.)

THE purpose of this novel is healthy and rational; the treatment of the story uncertain and variable; the characters are admirable in design, but badly worked out in detail; yet the book as a whole is interesting enough, and better done than half the novels which attain a second-class reputation. Its fault is the inequality of the author's powers; sometimes she writes very well, sometimes just as ill, for her days vary, and her brain with them; and she does not always fill in quite according to her outlines. Her best gift is her sense of humour; her worst failings her trusting to description instead of to story, and her evident partiality to certain characters. Now what was exactly the one special charm of "Adam Bede," and the one special quality which made so many good judges pronounce against the possibility of its being a woman's book? It was eminently just, and evenly balanced; a passionless and perfectly artistic story, told by the self-exposition of character, not by stagnant narration, without partiality, and without the intervention of the author's own personality. If Miss Atkinson would study "Adam Bede" as a work of art, she would find in it the very qualities which she has neglected in "Extremes." Were she less descriptive, less

inclined to certain characters, and less hostile to certain others, did she give those characters more opportunities of revealing their natures by events, and less by talk, she would be an infinitely better writer, and would give herself and her powers a fairer chance and a wider scope.

The story is based on the conscientious vagaries of a high-church young clergyman, who undertakes the cure of souls in Snagton-cum-Thwackleton, a neglected, little, outlying parish in Yorkshire, where he plays all sorts of fantastic tricks—refuses to bury a fine, pious, God-fearing old man, because he was never baptised; renounces a marriage with a charming girl who loves him, and whom he loves to well-nigh brokenheartedness on both sides; starves and abstains in Lent, till he is almost in a consumption; alienates his parishioners, and does far more harm than good among them; and finally is brought back to reason, common sense, hope, love, matrimony, and healthy happiness, by the good advice of Mr. Latham, a brother clergyman and his former tutor, one of the "muscular Christianity" school, and decidedly the superior in every-day rationality.

We think that Mr. Halstead's conversion from his own Puseyism to this "muscular Christianity" of his quondam tutor is rather too sudden, manifesting such exceeding weakness of nature that we cannot forgive Margaret Langley for loving him so intensely. Strength and fervour are far too precious to fling away upon weakness and fanaticism; and nothing is more irritating in fiction than to see this weakness triumphant and rewarded, and all the strength and passion of the book made subservient to its success. The description of the village is excellent; it is exactly what one finds in the wilder northern districts, and the characters are drawn from the life. "Squire" Tappin's establishment exists to the present day in many an unchronicled Snagton-cum-Thwackleton:

"He called first upon Squire Tappin, who lived in a square house, built of the soft stone of the country, which turns a dingy grey, almost black, by exposure. The house was surrounded by farm-yard, stacks, and out-houses, all presenting a most slovenly and uncouth appearance to the eyes of the Southerner; still there was evidently no lack of means about the occupant of the dwelling. Halstead's knock was answered by a young lady (a Miss Tappin, he supposed) in a state of *deshabille*, who bent a hasty retreat, leaving him standing at the door. Presently he heard her calling, 'Mother com dahn and dea my freck; here's t' new minister.' Probably Mrs. Tappin did descend and fasten the robe upon the young damsel's buxom form, for she now returned, and asked him to walk in. Showing him into the best parlour, and setting him in a chair, she told him, 'Feather were out, but mother would coom in a crack; and left him to study a framed and glazed piece of embroidery, representing a shepherd with very big eyes and very red cheeks. In due time, having donned her best cap and divested herself of her household apron, Mrs. Tappin, quiet, prim, quaint, and shy, made her appearance. She answered all Halstead's remarks about the state of the weather, the crops, &c., by yea or nay, as the case might be; then followed a long pause: at last said Mrs. Tappin with a nervous effort, 'Ye'll be fro' t' South it's like?'"

And dirty Maggy Tillot has multitudes of sisters in those parts:

"Across broom, upset bench, and broken basin, came striding at his knock a female, stout and strapping, in stays and petticoat—the usual working costume in those parts; she started at the sight of him, recognising him as t' new minister, and said her Luke—for she was no other than Mrs. Luke Tillot—'Her Luke were i' t' 'tatie garth and she were throng. But coom in, vha, coom in, noo ye're there!' and she slapped a child out of the way, and dusted a chair with her petticoat, and then taking a baby which was crying in the corner where it had been stowed out of the way, she sat down herself on a stool. Halstead asked her how many children she had; and she replied 'Seven.'"

"And this child, has it been baptised?"

"'Wba, noa,' replied the woman, 'it's never ailed note, so I han't had it dea.'"

"But do you wait until your children are ill before you bring them to be baptised?" asked Halstead.

"'Wba, ay, we deun't have 'em dea note to mostly, unless they're sick. My Luke he dea talk of havin' t'woal on 'em kessened soon daa; but we's mostly throng an' I'm allus panning and tuing wi' 'em now, pur bairns.'"

"Here she interrupted herself to separate two of the children, who were quarrelling over the remains of the broken basin; when she had apportioned one with a shake, and the other with a box on the ear, and the squalling incidental to the occasion had subsided, Halstead took advantage of the lull to ask her if she really meant that none of her children were baptised."

"'Wba, ay,' replied she, 'we mostly waits, herenaways,

'till we gets two, three on 'em, and then we takes 'em t' church, an' gets 'em all fetted oop together.'"

One other extract must be given, for who does not know Nelly Haggart?

"His next visit was to a cottage of a very different type: here all was neatness itself. A tall, thin woman of vinegar aspect, with a tendency to beard, and a variety of lines about her thin lips, opened the door, with a sharp—

"'What d'ye want?' in answer to his knock.

"Halstead announced himself.

"'Ou, ay,' said the woman, regarding him with a severe scrutiny, 'so ye're t' new minister; ye can coom in if ye've a maund;' with which scant courtesy she set him a chair on the neatly sanded floor, and remained looking at him austere, with her sharp black eyes. Halstead, feeling rather at a loss, made some remark about the weather, to which she replied, tartly, that, 'T is as t' Loord meade it, I suppose.' Halstead did not dispute the point; therefore she added, 'An' if it's all raight, there's na call to find fault.'

"Far be it from me to find fault, indeed," began Halstead, when he was interrupted by a sharp query from his hostess—

"'Well, hae ye gotten naething else to saa?'"

"'I am sorry,' said he, 'that you do not seem inclined to take my visit in the same friendly spirit in which it was meant.'"

"'Sure, that's na what yese coom fur to saa?'" repeated the lady, raising her voice to a shriller key.

"Halstead began to imagine that she was mad. However, said he—

"'What I have to say is this: I have come into this parish with the most friendly intentions towards all my parishioners, and I hope I shall be found no unfaithful servant of the church.'"

"'T' church! an' what's t' church? We want none o' your church weays here, wi' yer boozing and yer 'bedience to a wooden teabie, an' yer forms and yer ceremonies. Ye needn't think to be deceiving yer pur souls wi' yer forms, and yer ceremonies, and yer Roman weays; ye'd need an an' be converted, and seave yer own sinful soul, and not be deaving oos wi' yer church.'"

"Thinking the poor woman was evidently mad, and unwilling to irritate her more, Halstead assured her that he had not the slightest intention of causing any weak brother or sister to offend; and, to change the topic, asked after her husband. But he was equally unlucky on this subject, for the lady was a spinster, which fact she tartly announced by supposing—

"'A woman could hude wi' out a husband: leastways, t'was said so i' t' Wood.'"

"Finding that his attempts at conciliation were fruitless, Halstead told her he would call again, when he hoped they should be better friends; to which she replied grimly, that—

"'Friends were na' that plenty.'"

All these bits are capital; they are simple, life-like, and natural; but further on we come to others not quite so true. Annie is not a servant, nor yet a peasant girl, she is simply a young lady of refined condition masquerading as a waiting-maid. George Haseltine is a trifle less unnatural, but even he is too refined for a sturdy Yorkshire lad, bred up in such a place as Snagton; broad shouldered, stupid, good Sir Henry Ashton is far less a gentleman, though he is well drawn on the whole, and a very well-conceived character. Mrs. Pratt, of Woodbine Villas, Turnham Green, is a good bit; and, though she comes to nothing in the book, we give her as another instance of our author's power of portrait-painting:

"Accordingly, Miss Langley waited upon Mrs. Pratt early the next day. The door was opened to her by a 'butions,' who showed her into the drawing-room. The blinds were carefully closed to exclude the sun and dust, and there was a mingled smell of new furniture and last party's flowers shut up together. It was a child day, but there was no fire in the grate; some books were arranged on the table, housemaid fashion, all radiating from the vase in the centre. After a space of time sufficient to allow Margaret to observe all this, and to get into a high state of nervous excitement, and to enable Mrs. Pratt to arrange her dress, that lady entered the room, and with a stiff bend motioned Margaret to a chair, and sat down herself.

"She was a bleak, spare woman, who gave the impression of angles and red tips everywhere, and struck an additional sense of cold upon the atmosphere, that made Margaret shiver. When she spoke, it was with frequent attention to the choice of her words, that she frequently stopped to alter one not quite so polished for a more *recherché* term. She laid a sort of purring emphasis on the final syllable of all her sentences, and the distinctness with which she pronounced all the little words usually abbreviated in the speech of common life was perfectly aggravating: Margaret would have been thankful for a 'don't' or a 'can't,' instead of 'do not' and 'cannot.' Yet with all her care Mrs. Pratt frequently got involved in her cases, or tripped in the agreement of her verbs. She inquired whether Margaret had 'acquired French on the Continent,' and was disappointed to hear she had not. She was also particular as to the names of the masters who had instructed her in music and singing. English was scarcely alluded to; but she asked whether Margaret could undertake to 'finish' her papais, as she required 'quite a finishing governess.'"

But Mrs. Pratt ends with an offer of twenty

pounds a year, "without laundry;" and Margaret retires disgusted. Margaret's governing trials, we are bound to say, we believe to be utterly false to fact, and exaggerated out of all truth. People in Lady Aston's station do not starve their governesses, however much they may dislike the idea of their marrying the head of the house, and we are sorry that Miss Atkinson has helped forward an overrated prejudice. Governesses are sufficiently badly off as matters actually stand; things need not be made worse, and feelings already too hostile embittered still more. This is, again, part of the exaggerative partisanship of our author, which she would do well to recognise as a defect, and strive faithfully to overcome. We are sure that she can do better, if she will. There are parts in this novel of exquisite humour, and evidencing great power; but there are weaknesses to be treated with tonics, and excrescences to be removed, before we can give Miss Atkinson place among the higher class of novel writers; yet we believe so much in her abilities as to feel certain of her ultimate undeniable success, if she will but quietly and conscientiously study her art as an art, and not be afraid of recognising her defects.

SHORT NOTICES.

Dureisani-Tamil-Puttagam: the Lady's Tamil Book. By Elijah Hoole, D.D., M.R.A.S. (Longman & Co.) The agitation promoted by Sir Charles Trevelyan, the Rev. Monier Williams, and a few other Oriental scholars, for the purpose of substituting the Roman for the native characters, is already producing good fruit. Dr. Hoole has acted well and promptly on the hint, and prepared a Romanised Tamil version of the Morning and Evening Services, and other portions of the Book of Common Prayer. To this he has added a very clear and intelligible outline of the Tamil Grammar, together with a Vocabulary that exhibits but little judgment in the selection of the words. There is no doubt that this little work will be of great service not only to ladies, but also to missionaries in general, and, in fact, to all who are interested in the conversion or instruction of the natives in the Madras Presidency. At the same time we feel equally convinced that it is quite impossible to impart a correct pronunciation by any other means than oral teaching. No artificial system of accentuation will ever render the intonations of the human voice, or the almost imperceptible variations of sound on which so much depends in eastern tongues. It is in vain to dot the *t*, or the *d*, or the *z*, unless the ear has previously been made acquainted with the distinction thus indicated. However, setting aside this preliminary objection, we are bound to acknowledge that Dr. Hoole has discharged his self-imposed task with great ability and conscientiousness.

The Morning of Life. By the Author of "Gordon of Duncairn." (Charles Westerton.) Sholto Forster in love with Mabel—Mabel in love with Mr. Annesley, Mr. Annesley in love with Mabel and engaged to Edith—Edith in love with Clarence—Clarence in love with Edith, and engaged to Lady Ruth—here is a tangle of hearts and fates sufficiently complex for two volumes of ordinary octavo! The author of "Gordon of Duncairn" has not reached a very sublime height in her present essay; saving the apotheosis of plainness and cleverness combined, just now such a fashionable recipe for a heroine among novel writers, the book contains little that is striking, less that is original. It is a very tame and very weak dilution of the Rochester and Jane Eyre idea: a milk-and-water presentment of an elderly lover, and a plain, small, unamiable, but decidedly clever heroine: the same ground-work as that which Miss Brontë immortalised, but all in narrower dimensions, and with plaster ornaments instead of marble. There is nothing to condemn in this book beyond a certain monotony of tone and dreary sameness of style, which however are rather signs of virtues absent than of offences present. But if there is nothing to condemn there is nothing to admire, unless a total

want of interest in both the persons and the situations, a lack of stirring adventures and of analysis of character alike, of subtlety of shading, of vigour of drawing, and of life-likeness throughout, can be held up as claims to admiration. When a few common-place events placidly told, and the awkward movements of half-a-score paste-board puppets clumsily moved with unelastic wire, come to be regarded as skilful novel writing, then "The Morning of Life" may stand a chance of passing as clever and readable. Until then, though there is nothing offensive or actively irritating about it, it must be carted away to the limbo of imperfections, there to lie in the mild oblivion to which we would consign all such rubbish of the circulating libraries, which rubbish we hold to be indigestible food for both young or old, a very *caput mortuum* of intelligence of no good to anyone.

The reprints of the last few weeks are of a really important character. Not of the least value amongst these reproductions is Mr. Sala's *Twice Round the Clock*. Mr. Sala is the English writer who knows London better than all his brethren, and though he sees more of the dark than the bright side of the province city, we have no right to complain. If Mr. Sala, as a storyteller, has absolutely failed, as an essayist no light writer of his generation is to be compared with him, as many pages in *Twice Round the Clock* must prove. But Mr. Sala is not satisfied with his position. In the vast run for the literary Pantheon he has outstripped all his competitors and stands upon the threshold; but this does not satisfy him, he would enter, and also stand in the midst of the incense; and because he thinks he cannot do this—because a man must be a genius as well as a man of talent to achieve fame—Mr. Sala weeps in print:

"I cannot write otherwise than I do write. The leopard cannot change his spots. Born in England, I am neither by parentage nor education an Englishman; and in my childhood I browsed on a salad of languages which I would willingly exchange now for a plain English lettuce or potato. Better to feel on hips and haws than on gangrened green-groceries and mouldy pine-apples. I read Sterne and Charles Lamb, Burton and Tom Brown, Scarron and Brantôme, Boccaccio and Pigault-le-Brun, instead of Mrs. Barbauld and the stories from the spelling-book. I was pitchedforked into a French college before I had been through Pinnock in English; and I declare that to this day I do not know one rule out of five in Lindley Murray's grammar. I can spell decently, because I can draw; and the power (not the knowledge) in spelling correctly is concurrent with the capacity for expressing the images before us more or less graphically and symmetrically. It isn't how a word ought to be spelt: it is how it looks on paper, that decides the speller. I began to look upon the quaint side of things almost as soon as I could see things at all; for I was alone and blind for a long time in childhood. I had so much to whimper about, poor miserable object, that I began to grin and chuckle at the things I saw, so soon as good Doctor Currie, the homœopathist, gave me back my eyes. It is too late to mend now. While I am yet babbling, I feel that I have nearly said my say."

We hold that readers are greatly interested in their popular writers; Mr. Sala has no right to sadden his guests without great good cause; and we are glad to believe, for the author's own sake, that this cause does not exist.

Under Bow Bells: a City Book for all Readers. By John Hollingshead. Reprinted from *Household Words*. (Groombridge.) Mr. Hollingshead is to the City what Mr. Sala is to the whole of London—its special correspondent. Mr. Hollingshead cannot write of all London, it would appear, and Mr. Sala's City writings are the productions of a novice when compared with those of Mr. Hollingshead, the title to whose book is singularly appropriate. *Under Bow Bells* is as real as the City paving-stones, and it must be confessed the work possesses little more pathos than that with which the most lively and personifying imagination could imbue those geological specimens. Mr. Hollingshead is not tender—witness the following, the serious speech of an erst tender and daring lover: "My honeymoon was not without its troubles, though my wife was not the cause of them." It seems to be a foregone conclusion with the author that a wife, even in a honeymoon, may be—troublesome. Mr. Hollingshead is full of common sense, business, and practical dignity, though even he can be poetical when eulogising his beloved city; as the following extract from

one of the papers entitled "All Night on the Monument," will declare:

"Ascending on this winter's afternoon, at four o'clock, I find the City—from north to west, and from west to south—half encircled by a high, black, dense wall, just above which shines the golden cross which surmounts Saint Paul's Cathedral. Fog and cloud this wall may be; but what a noble barrier it is! rising high into those purple heavens, in which the imagination may see more forms of golden palaces, and thrones, and floating forms than ever Martin dreamed of in his sleep, and which, when his feeble pencil endeavoured to put them upon canvas, with all their beauty, height and breadth, and depth, degenerated into an earthly Vauxhall Gardens sticking in the air. Keep all the masterpieces of Turner—or any of the great colourists—down between the close walls of the City, but do not bring them up here to be shamed into insignificance by the glow of Nature. Then, the veil of fog and mist which covers half the City like a sea, and under which you hear the murmur and feel the throbbing of the teeming life—see it float away like the flowing skirts of an archangel's robe, revealing churches, bridges, mansions, docks, shipping, river, streets, and men, and tell me, lover of the picturesque, and dweller in the valley of coughs and respirators, wouldst thou give up this fog with all its ever-changing, glowing, Rembrandt-like effects, for all the brilliant, clear blue monotony of the vaulted Italian sky, and all the sharply defined outline and cleanly insipidity of Italian palaces? For the love of art and nature, say 'Never!' like a man."

The Boy Voyagers. By Anne Bowman. (Routledge.) Miss Bowman's books for youth are always pure and healthy, if their reality may be doubted. Her works look compilations—well done, but still compilations. The present volume is equal to any that have preceded it from the same pen, the frequent conversational style used tending to enliven the performance.

The Odd Fellows' Magazine for October is very lively. Amongst other papers of interest we find a kindly one by Mrs. C. A. White, and a tale by Mr. Andrew Halliday—well written, but not new, the same plot having been used in *Household Words*, and in the original French.

The first volume of *All the Year Round* is now before us. A contrast with *Household Words* is but natural, and in making it we are bound to give the preference to the earlier work, for, to our thinking, it was far more varied and infinitely more amusing. However, let us be thankful that *All the Year Round* supplied the hiatus caused by the death of *Household Words*; the want of a similar work to this old friend would have been really great. The leading feature of *All the Year Round*, Mr. Dickens's serial, "A Tale of Two Cities," has not disappointed us. Full of wondrous simile, exquisite personification, and dramatic situation as it is, Mr. Charles Dickens's warmest admirer must admit that the great author is at fault in writing history. His great exertions to portray past events frequently result in obscurity, sometimes even bathos. In justice to himself, Mr. Dickens should never write more retrospectively than the date of Napoleon's fall. However, in the absence of a dinner, we should be grateful for a plain supper, and so we are glad to devour "A Tale of Two Cities."

A Manual of the Steam-Engine, and other Prime Movers. By William John Macquorn Rankine, LL.D., F.R.S., &c., Regius Professor of Civil Engineering in the University of Glasgow. (London and Glasgow: Griffin & Co.) This book constitutes the 42nd volume of Messrs. Griffin's re-issue of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, in the form of separate treatises. Its purpose is to explain the scientific principles of the action of "prime movers," or machines for obtaining motive power, and to show how these principles are to be applied to practical questions. This object is attained in a remarkably satisfactory manner. By far the largest part of the work is devoted to the Steam-Engine, which is at once the most important of all prime movers, and the one whose laws have been most extensively investigated. The other motive powers, which are treated by Prof. Rankine more concisely, but still at very sufficient length, are muscular force and water and wind power. The work is designed rather for the practical engineer than for the general reader: and as an efficient practical treatise on the steam-engine it may fairly challenge comparison with any similar work of the same size with which we are acquainted. But perhaps the most important point connected with it is the

fact that it contains the first systematic treatise hitherto published on the science of thermodynamics, *i. e.*, of the relations which exist between heat and mechanical force. This science has sprung into existence only within a very recent period, and is in fact still in its infancy: and all that is known respecting it had, until the publication of the present work, to be sought in the scattered pages of various scientific journals. In the introduction to his manual, Professor Rankine gives a very clear and interesting statement of the history and objects of this science; and insists strongly on the conclusive evidence which it affords in favour of the molecular, as opposed to the substantial, theory of heat. The great principle of the correlation or convertibility of physical forces, so conclusively established in the case of heat and motive power, has been extended by the labours of Prof. W. Thomson and others to electricity, magnetism, and other physical forces: so that we may hope to see, ere long, the gradual building-up of a universal science of forces (or of *energies*, as Prof. Rankine calls it), of which thermo-dynamics represents only one special section. Even if Professor Rankine's work had no other merits, it would be deserving of especial attention, as being the first to present in a systematic form the results hitherto obtained in connection with this most important branch of physical science.

Sussex Archaeological Collections. Vol. XI. Published by the Sussex Archaeological Society. (John Russell Smith.) We are glad to observe from the brief annual report, published at the beginning of this volume, that the affairs of this Society are in "every way prosperous and flourishing;" glad, because we know that into its composition there enters more of the hard-working, and less of the *dilettante*, element than is the lot of most of its brethren in this country; and it is an especial source of congratulation to find the antiquities of a county so rich in the material as Sussex, placed under such efficient guardianship. Of the eight or nine papers which compose the volume before us, six are of strictly local interest, and relate to Hurstpierpoint, Pynham Priory, Paxhill, Bayham Abbey, &c. At the last named place the Society held this year its annual meeting under circumstances of unusual good fortune, in a country where the fate of picnic parties is a proverb. A careful tracing of some seven or eight miles of the ancient Roman *via* of Stane Street, in the centre of the county by Mr. Peter Martin, possesses interest of a more than merely local character, and will be read with pleasure by all students of the history of our country in connection with the Romans. The road is in many places so singular in construction—a raised double platform, bisected by a narrower and loftier one—as to raise speculations on its probable exclusive destination as a military road. There is also a description of the remains of a very remarkable circular building, not far from Pulborough, supposed to be a mausoleum. Mr. Martin's general conclusion is, that "there remain all around signs of early cultivation and a very populous Romano-British country of which Pulborough and the Stane Street Causeway were the centre, and in which, if the conjecture respecting the circular tower be correct, stood one of the most remarkable Roman sepulchral monuments in Britain." Two of the other papers are of general interest and of no mean order. In days when the condition of our coast defences, and the formation of volunteer rifle corps, occupy so large a share of public attention, it is curious to peruse the opinions of Queen Elizabeth's privy councillors, including Essex and Raleigh, delivered in 1596, on the subject of similar preparations against the then threatened invasion by the Spaniards. Lord Berleigh's opinion (given in 1589) as to the sort of men best fitted to serve in volunteer forces, brought vividly to our minds the panting patriotism of some of our own elder and sleeker riflemen, whose sufferings we have occasionally sincerely pitied whilst we could not help admiring their courage. His lordship remarks that too many of the "famous and others of the best and wealthiest householders" applied to be soldiers "as supposed to be versant

and ready to serve at their own charge," but that it was found that "small or no benefit grew thereby, but also that those rich men, having been daintily fed and warm lodged, when they came to lie abroad in the fields, were worse able to endure the same than any other," and that their crops suffered by their absence, and so forth, and recommends their sending "one of their own sons or some such able man" as a substitute. The other paper of great general interest, as bearing on general manners and customs, consists of a continuation of the series of diaries of Sussex men, publishing by the Society in the shape of some very entertaining extracts from the diary of a Sussex tradesman a hundred years ago—from it we gather that the tradesmen of the period gallantly followed the lead of their betters (?), and that hard drinking and eating, and home at two and three of a morning was the order of the day both for the men and their wives (!); on the whole this may be pronounced as good a volume as the Society has yet issued, if not better than any.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Abstract of Public General Acts, 1898, 8vo. 4s. 6d.
Ainsworth (W. H.), *Combat of the Thirtieth: a Breton Lay*, 12mo. 1s.
Amusing Stories for Good Boys and Girls, royal 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Arnold (T. J.), *Duties of a Justice of the Peace out of Sessions*, 8vo. 2s.
Bacon's (Lord) Works, by Ellis and Heath, Vol. 7 (Literary and Professional Works), 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.
Beale (D.), *Student's Text-Book of English and General History*, new ed. post 8vo. 2s. and 2s. 6d.
Beale (D.), *Illustrations to "How to Work the Microscope,"* post 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Bennett (C.), *Shadows, 2nd Series*, post 8vo. plain, 2s. 6d.; coloured, 4s. 6d.
John's Illustrated Library: *Adventures of Gil Blas*, 6s.
Book of Favourite Modern Ballads, 4to. 21s.
Brackenbury (R. C.), *Memorial Sketches (Raisby Hall)*, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Bunbury (S.), *My First Travels*, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
Burke (H.), *Vicissitudes of Families*, 2nd ed. post 8vo. 12s. 6d.
Burns (R.), *Thirty Scotch Songs*, Book 4, 4to. 1s.
Buxton (G.), *Guide to Flowering Plants near Manchester*, 2nd ed. 12mo. 3s.
Carlisle (Earl), *Second Vision of Daniel*, 2nd ed. post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Cesar's Commentaries: *De Bello Gallico*, notes by Anthon, new ed. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
Cesar's *De Bello Civili*, Notes by Christison, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Cecilia Metella; or, *Rome Enslaved*, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Church Missionary Atlas, royal 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Clissold (A.), *Practical Nature of Theological Writings of Swedenborg*, 2nd ed. post 8vo. 6s.
Collins (J.), *Two Essays on Constitutional Reform*, post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Crail (G. L.), *English of Shakespeare*, 2nd ed. 12mo. 5s.
Crowther (S.) and Taylor (J.), *Gospel on the Banks of the Niger*, post 8vo. 7s.
Dalton (W.), *White Elephant; or, the Hunters of Ava*, 12mo. 5s.
Daniel (J.), *Directory to British Post Charges*, new ed. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
Daniel (J.), *Directory to Foreign Post Charges*, 3rd ed. 8vo. 8s. 6d.
Delamotte (F.), *Examples of Modern Alphabets, Plain and Ornamental*, oblong. 4s.
Dream of the Day that Must Come, 12mo. 2s.
Elphinstone (Captain), *Journal of Operations in the Crimea by Corps of Royal Engineers*, 4 vols. 4to. 41s.
English History for Young Persons, 12mo. 2s.
Famous Fairy Tales, by Alfred Crowquill, 4to. 5s.
Fison (Mrs.), *Colportage, its History and Relations to Evangelisation*, 12mo. 3s.
Fresenius (C.), *System of Qualitative Chemical Analysis*, 5th ed. 8vo. 8s.
Grieson (J.), *Earthly and Heavenly Things*, post 8vo. 6s.
Grove (Miss), *Adventures of a Sunbeam, and Other Tales*, 16mo. 2s. 6d.
Guthrie (J. C.), *Wedded Love*, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Holden (L.), *Manual of Dissection of Human Body*, new ed. 8vo. 14s.
Hoot's (Dw.), *Laughter from Year to Year*, new ed. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Huntley (Field), by Harry Hieover, 2nd ed. 12mo. 5s.
James (M.), *Prince Charlie, the Young Chevalier*, 12mo. 5s.
Kings of England, by Author of "Heir of Redclyffe," 6th ed. 12mo. 3s.
Kingsmill (J.), *British Rule and British Christianity*, 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Knibb (R.), *Life of G. B. Rieu*, 12mo. 4s. 6d.
Lever (C.), *Dodd Family Abroad*, new ed. Vol. 1, post 8vo. 4s.
Lowell (J.), *Biglow Papers*. Edited by Author of "Tom Brown's School Days," 16mo. 4s. 6d.
Lytton (E. B.), *The Caxtons: a Family Picture*, Vol. 1, post 8vo. 5s.
Lytton (E. B.), *Night and Morning*, new ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Marshall's Index Ready Reckoner, 2nd ed. post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Mc Culloch (R.), *Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation*, new ed. 8vo. 50s.
Morse (F.), *Sermons, Waiting for God*, new ed. 12mo. 5s.
Morton's Farmer's Almanac, 1899, 12mo. 1s.
Neale (J. M.), *Translation of the Ancient Liturgies*, 12mo. 4s.
Neale (R. C.), *Devil's Triumph, and Other Poems*, 12mo. 5s.
Parkinson (S.), *Treatise on Optics*, post 8vo. 11s. 6d.
Parlour Library: *Herbert's Marmaduke Wyvil*, 12mo. 2s.
Peat's Farmer's Diary and Account Book for 1899, 4to. 2s.
Peter Parley's Annual, 1899, 16mo. 5s.
Picture Present: *British Pictures*, royal 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Pleasant Tales and Pretty Pictures, royal 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Procter (F.), *History of Book of Common Prayer*, 4th ed. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Railway Library: *Old Country House*, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Kelly (J.), *Unity between Christ and the Church: a Poem*, 12mo. 5s.
Rogers (S.), *Italy: a Poem*, new ed. 8vo. 16s.
Round of Stories for the Young and Good, 16mo. 3s. 6d.
Sam Slick's Wise Saws and Modern Instances, new ed. post 8vo. 5s.
Schmid (C.), *Tales for Children*, translated by Hales, 2nd ed. 12mo. 2s.
Shakespeare's Household Words, illustrated by Stansby, square. 3s.
Smith (R. W.), *Theory of Conditional Sentences, Greek and Latin*, 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Southgate (H.), *Many Thoughts on Many Things*, new ed. 4to. 21s.
Statimer's Hand Book, 2nd ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Statutes at Large, 22 & 23 Vict. (Pickering's) 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Taylor (J.), *Rule and Exercise of Holy Dying*, new ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Taylor (J.), *Rule and Exercise of Holy Living*, new ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Taylor (J.), *Rule and Exercise of Holy Living and Dying*, 12mo. 5s.
Trollope (A.), *West Indies and the Spanish Main*, 8vo. 15s.
Truth Vindicated: *Reply to Calumnies of the Rev. T. K. Drammond*, 4th ed. 8vo. 1s.
Venet (A.), *Studies of Pascal*, translated by Smith, post 8vo. 5s.
Weale's Elementary Series: *Woodward's Recent and Fossil Shells*, 12mo. 5s. 6d.
Whewell (W.), *Platonic Dialogues for English Readers*, Vol. 1, 12mo. 7s. 6d.
Wilcox (J.), *Life of*, by Hackhouse, *Successful Pole-Climber*, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Wincon (J. A.), *Rest and Resurrection*, 12mo. 1s. 6d.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

FOUR cases have lately been opened in the Bibliothèque Impériale at Paris, in which are exhibited, open, specimens of the typographic art of Europe, arranged in order of date, and thus showing at one view the progress, or rather the no progress of the art, for some of the earliest specimens have the requisites of good printing in as high a degree as any of the later examples. The collection commences with leaves of two block books, the "Biblia Pauperum" and "Ars Moriendi," followed by a fragment of a calendar for the year 1457, printed at Mayence, and discovered among the public archives of that city. This is succeeded by a Latin Bible, executed by Albert Pfister, a pupil of Gutenberg, about the year 1461, and the "Lactantius" of Sweeney and Pannartz, dated 1465. Next comes Cicero's "Epistolæ ad Familiares," printed by John de Spira, at Venice, in 1469, as clear and as regular as any book of the present day, and on far better paper; a fine copy of Gasparini "Pergamensis Epistolæ," the first work from a Paris press, between 1470 and 1472; and the "Rhetorica" of Cicero, Venice, 1470, printed most exquisitely by Jenson. A fine example of Colard Mansion, the first printer of Bruges, the "Legende Doree," issued from Lyons in 1477, and the "Chroniques de St. Denis," executed at Paris in 1493 by Antoine Verard, this particular copy executed on vellum and superbly illuminated for Charles VIII. Next follow Caxton's English version of the "Ars Moriendi," printed at London in 1490, a very fine copy, ruled with red lines; the first edition of "Aristotle," in Greek, Venice, by Aldus, 1495-8, and close to this the "Martial" of 1501, by the same renowned printer, in his beautiful Italic type, and this certainly the gem of the collection. Pretty specimens of Elzevir and Henry Stephanus; the fine edition of "Horace" executed by the royal press of France in 1742, wonderfully similar to the elegant "Virgil" printed by Baskerville at Birmingham in 1757, which lies next to it, by the side of which Bodoni's famed "Petrarca" of 1799 looks cold and poor, although very pretensions. Another case exhibits some fine old examples of binding, comprising beautiful specimens of Thuanus's books and Grolier's, and it is worth anybody's while to make a special trip to Paris, even now in October, to see the peerless copy of the second folio Shakespeare. It is matchless, very tall and clean. Was it purchased expressly by Louis XIII., or who sent it him? and whose hand inscribed the fly-leaf with the name of "St Guillaume Shakespeare?"

We are happy to learn that Mr. McPhun of Glasgow's "Old Lawyer" has just completed the first section of a work for which every one in London has invariably proclaimed himself at a loss, whenever a Scotch Law case of any moment came upon the *tapis*. The volume appears, we understand, under the auspices of Lord St. Leonards, and although the authorship is kept a profound secret, the writer is obviously a civilian of no mean calibre. The completed section is called "The Domestic Legal Adviser," and explains and illustrates in an easy and familiar, but authoritative and minutely authenticated, manner, the principal points of family and general law in Scotland.

A work of great interest has just been published, entitled, "The Historical Numismatic Atlas of the Roman Empire," from Julius Caesar the first Dictator, whose portrait was stamped on coins during his lifetime, to the extinction of the Empire of the West under Romulus, called Augustulus; with portraits of all the Roman Emperors, Emperresses, Kings, &c., from their actual coins. To which is added a Tabular View of the rarity of their coins in gold, silver, brass, &c. The intention of the compiler is to show the public, and those who are desirous of collecting coins, as nearly as possible those specimens that may be obtained by money or assiduity. Of the 216, there are about 140 which may be purchased at very moderate prices—fine specimens not costing more than 3s. each—many may be had for 1s. One of the main obstacles to the student in numismatic

science being the deciphering of the names, a dot has been inserted to make the titles and abbreviations distinct. The portraits have generally been drawn from gold and silver coins; where this has been impracticable, the vacancies have been supplied from the brass series. The author has condensed into a small compass the information of a numismatic library. The work is due to Mr. Peter Whelan, numismatist, 407, Strand.

A characteristic anecdote of Stephenson and Brunel is now current. Brunel was complaining to Stephenson that his (Brunel's) contractors were never satisfied and always quarrelling with him. Stephenson returned that Brunel kept his contractors too much to the letter of their agreements, even when they had an equitable right to the modification of these agreements. Brunel still persisted that his view of the question was the right one. Stephenson answering that Brunel suspected people too much, the latter engineer replied, "I suspect all men to be rogues till I find them to be honest men." "For my part," returned Stephenson, "I take all men to be honest till I find them to be rogues." "Ah! then, we never shall agree," quoth Brunel. "Never," said Stephenson. And both engineers were right. While speaking of Robert Stephenson, we are reminded to state that if rumour is any evidence of fact, this man, so lately amongst us, gave away many thousands a year in pure charity. We have heard this assertion in several quarters, and one witness declares that if a praiseworthy unfortunate came begging to the great engineer, he would say to his cashier, "There,—give him a fifty (or a hundred, as the case might be), and let him start fair."

An American is very indignant with us because, in a recent review of Mrs. Stowe's new work, we confessed ourselves ignorant of the meaning of the expression "bobolink." Amongst our accomplishments we lack the pure American language, and our correspondent is simply cruel to be angry with us. He also pities our ignorance by informing us that "bobolink" means "idler." The intimation is coupled with a recommendation not to rashly confuse "bobolink" with "loafer," of the meaning of which, it would seem, no Englishman is thoroughly informed. Bobolink is to loafer as the expression "speaking in unparliamentary language" is to "liar." You may call a man a "bobolink" and he will pardon you; call him a "loafer" and you had better make your will.

DURHAM UNIVERSITY.—Examination in Theology, Mich. Term, 1859. Examiners—Rev. Henry Frederick Long, M.A.; Rev. Charles Edward Stuart Collingwood, M.A. First Year—Fowler, J., Bp. Hatf. Hall; Hutchinson, E., Bp. Hatf. Hall; Robertson, T. M., University College; Tapscott, E., Bp. Hatf. Hall. Admission—Bell, H., University College; Gill, W., Bp. Hatf. Hall; Taylor, W. F., Bp. Hatf. Hall. Probationary—Bethell, W., Bp. Hatf. Hall; Orde, W., University College.

DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT COINS.—In a search for archaeological remains which took place a few days since at Row-Down Hill, Boxmoor, Herts, a quantity of ancient pottery was found, particularly a tazza, or vase, containing a considerable number of gold and silver coins of the period of the Roman emperors; but the most important portion of the discovery consisted of about thirty rare and early specimens of British coinage in gold, in a remarkably fine state of preservation. The eminence where this discovery was made, formed, during the Roman occupation of Britain, a military station. Arrow and spear-heads, as well as coins and broken pottery, have frequently been picked up on superficial examination; and at the residence of Dr. Thomas Davis in the adjacent village of Boringdon, which was built on the site of a Roman villa, a large number of ancient articles, and a tessellated pavement composed of tiles of varied and brilliant colours, have been at different times accidentally brought to light, inducing a belief that many relics of a bygone period were buried about the place. The attention of a gentleman interested in antiquarian research having been attracted to the locality, he has, with the sanction of the Honourable G. Ryder, whose

property adjoins the spot, commenced a more extensive investigation, adopting a systematic plan of excavation of the surrounding neighbourhood, and the above highly interesting discovery of British coins, which, by reason of their scarcity, are eagerly sought for by collectors, has already rewarded his exertions in the cause of numismatic science.

DEMONSTRATION AGAINST MEDICAL PUFFING.—An event which occurred at the last meeting of the Medical Society of London is attracting much notice in the medical world. A candidate had been proposed for the Fellowship of the Society, and was about to be balloted for, when one of the Fellows, Mr. Cornish, rose from his place, and opposed his admission "as having transgressed the laws of professional etiquette by puffing and advertising himself, both directly and obliquely," producing certain copies of the *Jewish Chronicle*, *Lancet*, &c., in proof of his assertion. The Chairman interfered on the ground that the course adopted by Mr. Cornish was without precedent, and the ballot was therefore proceeded with. The Society, however, seems to have appreciated the necessity of upholding professional honour, for the candidate was blackballed. This result is highly significant, several years having elapsed since any one has had a sufficient number of blackballs lodged against him to procure a rejection, and proves that medical men are becoming alive to the fact, that they themselves have the power of putting down unprofessional practices far better than any medical Act that ever was or will be enacted.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, October 26th.

THE chief pre-occupations I remark amongst the few French people who are beginning to return to their winter-quarters are these two: "Shall we have any 'winter' at all?" (that is, any society), and "Shall we have anything to eat?" It is quite certain that, what with one event and another, uncertainty of public tranquillity, likelihood of war, &c., Paris has been, ever since Orsini's attempt on the Emperor's life, getting less and less full and less and less gay in the winter. The foreign population (which is, after all, what constitutes a large portion of Parisian animation) has fallen off nearly altogether; except Americans and Russians, one should find it hard to say what foreigners enrich the retail tradesmen of Paris, and give entertainments to its denizens of a higher class. The upper classes, too, of the country itself, retire more and more from all activity, live more upon their own estates, and come later to town, and the consequence is that the official set, the so-called "Court circle," which is but a poor substitute for "society," finds itself obliged to "entertain" itself and spend its own money to make believe it is amused, and that Paris is gay. This winter ushers itself in as yet with small appearances of festivity.

Then we come to the next question, "What there will be to eat?" and this is a serious one for the entire nation. The dearth of every kind of food is something fabulous. As yet, though meat and poultry have been very dear, vegetables have been accessible to people of moderate means, and this in France has an importance it would not have in our country. Here many families of the middle ranks half live on bread, vegetables, and eggs. Well, now, owing to the drought which has existed for the last four years, and which is in no way as yet combated by the late partial rains, vegetables are so scarce that their price is becoming absurd. Their quality, too, is exceedingly poor. A cabbage (which, with a small piece of pork, will make a dinner, for a second-rate tradesman's family for two days), instead of costing three sous, as it used to do, costs now six; carrots and turnips are doubled, potatoes are rising every day, and meanwhile eggs cost two sous a-piece, whereas they used to cost one. All this is a serious look-out for the middle and lower classes. As to the provisions used by the superior ones, they are

rapidly increasing too in a fearful rate: a goose costing, for example, eight or nine francs, instead of five or six; meat growing every day worse and dearer; butter, of a fine eating quality, reaching to three francs and a-half a lb., instead of one franc and a half or two francs, and so on in proportion. As to butcher's meat, the case is quite a curious one, and, if things go on in this manner, the population of France must, instead of eating more meat, as is the remark made in all other European countries, learn to do without meat at all, or regard it as a positive rarity. When complaints are made now to a Paris butcher, he coolly says, "Yes, I know the meat is not good, but it will be less good some time hence, and much dearer." The permanent reason for its dearth is that there is too little production, and therefore inadequate competition, by which the consumer suffers; but the immediate cause of its inferiority lies in the drought I alluded to. There is even in damp, grassy provinces, such as Normandy, but very scanty pasturage; and the result is that nothing can be worse just now than Paris beef and mutton, though there are butchers who have the face to sell legs of mutton at the exorbitant rate of fourteen-pence (28 sous) a pound.

You may now conceive what this extraordinary dearth of provisions occasions in the households of persons who may, perhaps, have four or five hundred pounds a-year to spend, and you will easily understand why this winter opens not more joyously than the two preceding ones, and why French people wailingly ask, "What they shall have to eat?"

Another great pre-occupation is that of costume. It is declared on the best authority that the reign of crinoline is over! It is gravely predicted that short waists and narrow skirts are to be the fashion this year, and that all the absurd habiliments which so disfigured the women of the first empire are to be imposed upon the feminine generation of this revival of the Imperial epoch by Napoleon III. I am happy to say this report is not accepted without resistance, and I am told of serious hostilities being on the eve of breaking out in the camps of rival dress-makers. The leaders of the Imperialist *modistes* refuse to cut, or sew, or otherwise "establish" a dress ("establish" is the technical term), unless it be modelled in the form of those horrible sacks in which we may admire the effigies of the Empress Josephine and her successor, Maria Louisa; but, on the other hand, it would appear certain that the *couthurières* of the royalist party are ready to suffer martyrdom for flounces, hoops, cages, and all the various devices whereby ladies are made to float, as it were, in an atmosphere of their own, like the Olympian goddesses. It is refreshing to think that there can be any point on which Frenchmen (or women) can have, and hold to, an opinion of their own; and however futile the pretext of their self-assertion it will be a comfort to see them assert themselves, and abstain from servility, even in the small circumstance of flounces *versus* "frocks," or of hen-coops *versus* umbrella sheaths!

I presume we shall soon see the majority of the French, however, find out whether they have an opinion of their own about peace or war, for all those who know anything of what goes on in the higher political regions here are convinced that it cannot be very long before the first "premonitory" signs of a storm will be discerned on the horizon. There is a most curious publication being made at this moment in an underhand sort of way, but which is nevertheless full of significance. A long newspaper article was brought out the night before last in the Paris evening journals, reproduced from the Brussels paper *Le Nord*. Now, this article, which is one continued most bitter, most insolent, and most perfidious attack upon England, was communicated to *Le Nord* from high official sources here in Paris, and it is prefaced in the Brussels journals by the following words: "At this moment, when the English press indulges in constant hostilities to France, it is not without interest to read the ensuing lines that are published

by the *departmental press* in France!" Then follows upon this a long self-glorification of France and of the Emperor; England is represented as on the eve of dissolution, and knowing it—she is told that she has lost all right to meddle in European affairs, that she has been made great by "industry and toil, and not by arms," and she is assured that her generous ally, Napoleon III., has been all along so far from taking advantage of what he felt and knew to be her "decrepitude," that he has, on the contrary, joined her in military enterprises, "not caring which of the two nations reaped the larger share of glory." The "generosity" of France is held up to the "admiration" of the whole world, and the "complete decline" of England is set forth as a fact that no man in England dreams even of denying: "Her former strength is, and she feels it to be, gone from her." This is one of the mildest phrases of the whole diatribe, and I beseech your readers not to forget that this pleasant little composition is published by *Le Nord* by the express request of the all-but-highest official authority here. *Le Nord* could not have refused to print it without being exposed to difficulties touching its entrance into France. This is what gives importance to the matter.

I told you in my last of the revival of *La Reine Margot*; I do not think I did justice to one feature of it—I mean the impersonation of Charles IX., by Rouvière. I had gone the night before I wrote to see the *début* of that charming Mlle. Bressant, and I was too fascinated by her to remember well what had preceded her appearance by a few days. I have been a second time to see *La Reine Margot*, and upon my word, it is a splendid study to follow Rouvière in his conception of the Valois King. This man is a strange being, but has a spark of genuine genius. This is his second fine part only. *Maitre Favilla*, in George Sand's piece of that name, was the first. His *Hamlet* would be, to English spectators, contestable; to French ones it is a *chef-d'œuvre*, and it is certain there are very fine points in it. His *Mephistopheles* last year, in *Pauvre*, was a failure, but his *Charles IX.* is a first-rate creation. There is a sickly idiosyncrasy about it which is admirably conceived and rendered; you see such a departure from the ordinary and conventional type of "cruel" kings, such a really deep and curious study of what might be the physiological causes acting upon a worn-out race, in the production of a prince like Charles IX. It is not the ferocity of too much strength, but the brutality that comes from coarseness, but the perhaps worse bloodthirstiness that is the result of disease, the terrible idiosyncrasy of a weak, fretful, enervated, and, at the same time, over-refined nature. I don't know when I have seen a part, the playing of which reflected such credit on an actor. I am convinced *La Reine Margot*, if got up on the English stage, with Rouvière as *Charles IX.*, would create one of those *furors* to which we have on our side of the water long been unaccustomed.

I have just been shown the model of the railway carriages, manufactured for the Prince Imperial, at St. Cloud. They are certainly very pretty, but vastly absurd. Imagine that a part of the Home Park is set aside and cut up for a mimic railroad, upon which this large-headed chubby child (the picture of the Bonapartes in their obese period of life) exercises himself as a stoker. The miniature is complete. There is a railway which winds round in the shape of an 8, with a viaduct and a tunnel, and every "accident of ground" you can conceive. Then there is a tent close by, in which this infant corporal of the Imperial Guard can repose when he is tired of his exertions; and a little further on is a wee target, at which his Imperial Highness learns to shoot with a baby-gun, under the direction of "papa."

The whole thing has an air of General Tom Thumb that makes it supremely ridiculous; but the Imperialist French mind appears much gratified at it, nevertheless; and from certain hungry senators down to the servants of St. Cloud (perhaps less abject "flunkies" than the others), the "laying out" of the railway decoration, and the

probability of the young boy (whom they all agree will most likely never reign here) being in time an expert *mécanicien*, are sources of, it would seem, no inconsiderable satisfaction to the *entourage*. Some of them indulge in the hopes of seeing the child practise all these antics at Windsor—when "papa" shall have "annexed" England.

SCIENTIFIC.

MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.

WED. *Geological Society.* Papers to be read: I. "On the Passage-beds between the Upper Silurian into the Old Red Sandstone, at Ledbury, Herefordshire," by the Rev. W. S. Symonds, F.G.S. 2. "On the Coal-Formation at Auckland, New Zealand," by Henry Weekes, Esq. 3. "On the Geology of Vancouver's Island," by W. Bauerman, Esq.

The American Numismatic Manual of the Currency or Money of the Aborigines, and Colonial, State, and United States Coins, with Historical and Descriptive Notices of each Coin or Series. By Montroville Wilson Dickeson, M.D., &c., &c., &c. Illustrated by Nineteen Plates of Facsimiles. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.)

[FIRST NOTICE.]

NUMISMATICS is pre-eminently the science of an old country. The records of ancient dynasties, the monuments of mighty conquests, the representations of long-perished edifices, the landmarks of disputed territories, coins stand before us the most valuable of historical documents. It is to the light they shed on the subject that we owe almost all that we know of Anglo-Saxon chronology; the annals of Greece and Rome would be very unreliable without their aid, and it is only in our own time that they have become mere money—a circulating medium, important indeed to the interests of commerce, but altogether detached from historical speculations. If at the present time we could obtain accurate information as to the earlier numismatic history of our own country, if we could ascertain who struck the first scattas, or, to go back a little further, if we could satisfy ourselves as to the state of our currency in the time of Julius Caesar, interpret without fear of error his statements about copper rings and gold and silver bullion, we should rank such intelligence among the most valuable aids which our history could receive. If we could rightly read the Hiberno-Danish coins, much of the romance of Irish history would vanish at once, and with it no small portion of the mist which hangs over all Celtic records. But it is unlikely that we shall ever have the information we desire. The period was too dark, the arts were too little advanced, learning was confined to so few, and the area over which it was spread was intellectually so small, and locally so great, that there was little chance of preserving the remembrance of any transactions save those of universal importance. A glance at such a work as the "Saxon Chronicle" will show how few are the materials for the history of Mediaeval Britain.

The case becomes widely different when a nation commences its career in a period of civilisation and refinement, then all the deeds and most of the motives of its founders are open to the light.

The United States of America do not stand precisely in this condition. Their colonial history—that period during which they were dependencies of Great Britain—is largely illustrated by its coinage. Since their establishment as an independent nation this has been less manifestly the case; but still during the war which terminated in their emancipation, many pieces were struck in America which have a direct historical value. It is but recently that the subject of American numismatics has been taken up with anything like zeal on either side of the Atlantic.

In England archaeologists have restricted their inquiries to those coins which could properly be called colonial, while in America the worship paid to the dollar has precluded any profane investigations into its origin and history.

The book which now lies before us is a superb quarto, by Dr. Dickeson. Its value is, however,

by no means even; that which relates to the English coinage is a mass of inaccuracy, that which concerns America gives tokens of conscientious and well-directed investigation. The defect to which we allude is of little consequence in this country, where the merest tyro is able to correct the author; but should this volume fall, as doubtless it will, into the hands of continental scholars, they will be induced to condemn the whole work for the faults of the English portion.

It was not long ago, not longer in fact than the year 1844, that Dr. Dickeson and Mr. Thomas Mitchell opened a tumulus in Louisiana, and found, together with a male skeleton, forty-three round pieces, small and flat, of lignite, coal, shell, bone, and jasper; those of shell and bone crumbled to pieces on being exposed to the air, but the others remained for investigation. Most of them were plain on both sides, but on some of the larger ones were lines and figures, which are represented in Plate I. of Dr. Dickeson's work. Some of the figures are not unlike those which formed the reverses of Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman coins. In the same year another mound was opened just above Natchez. This time the pieces were found in an ornamented vase nearly filled with light-coloured ashes, and Dr. Dickeson adds that such vases are often found placed near the neck of a skeleton. These specimens, though the first which rewarded the labours of our author, were not the first that had been discovered: five or six years previously a great number was found in a mound on the border of the river Miami, in Ohio, the largest of which was the size of the English halfpenny, but about double the thickness.

From that period diligent researches have been made, and a considerable number of similar pieces discovered, generally in vases, more or less ornamented, and almost always placed near skeletons.

Nor were there wanting pieces of gold, silver, and copper; lumps of galena were found engraved with talismanic characters, and on one such occurred the symbol, so frequent in the old world, of a cross issuing from a circle. Occasionally thin discs of copper rolled up, sometimes globular masses of the more precious metals, and frequently the joints of the ennerite, or fossil lily, which, separated, formed a kind of natural money.

Such seem to have been the representatives of a circulating medium at a period when, probably, the ancestors of Montezuma were reigning in Mexico, and the arts had reached a state of considerable cultivation.

Of these relics we know little beyond that which Dr. Dickeson tells us; we hear, therefore, with much pleasure, that he is engaged on a work in which North-American antiquities will be considered on a large scale, and that he has already collected forty thousand articles from upwards of a thousand tumuli. The question, From what source did the native tribes of America derive their civilisation? is deeply interesting, and all that can throw any light upon it is valuable, not only in an archaeological, but in an ethnological, point of view.

From this period, the chronology of which it is impossible with our present light to settle, we pass to that of the tribes which have flourished since the discovery of America by Columbus, and some of which are existing, if not flourishing, now. The currency of these consisted chiefly of beads and shells, much like those which still form the money of the African nations on the western coast of that continent. We now meet with what is called "wampum," the peculiar money of the Red Indian; this was originally composed of small fresh-water shells, strong in their native condition, in definite numbers. The Dutch substituted beads of purple and white, and there are some beautiful specimens in which the beads and shells are alternated. The English colonists followed the example of the Dutch, and composed their own "wampum."

"The primitive wampum consisted of strings of small spiral fresh-water shells. As soon as the Dutch became fairly located in 'Manhados'—New York—they caught the idea of wampum, and set about improving its manufacture by rendering it more convenient and beautiful. The beads, or constituents of wampum, were purple and white, about a quarter of an inch in length, and an eighth

of an inch in diameter, and perforated lengthwise, so as to be conveniently strung. The white bead was manufactured from the sea-conch, and the purple from the mussel-shell, though not confined to those shells."

It would seem that this kind of currency was, at first, intended solely for the natives, but, in the absence of a metallic coinage, it was soon adopted by the Europeans, and became the subject of government regulation.

It was not till the year 1652 that any measures were taken for a metallic currency, and these, at first, were by no means adequate to the exigencies of the case. It was permitted to any person who pleased to bring plate and Spanish coin to be melted, and coined into pieces of twelve, six, and threepence value respectively; and it was enacted that such coins should have on one side the XII., VI., III., indicating the value, and on the other the letters N. E., to signify New England. Of these a very small issue was struck, and it appears to have been confined to the shillings and sixpences, no specimen of the threepence having ever been discovered. The coins are now extremely rare, the sixpence especially so, few cabinets, either in England or America, boasting the possession of one.

These coins continued to be struck from A.D. 1652 to A.D. 1686, although they bear only two dates, 1652 and 1662, and the latter is confined to the twopence.

The next coinage of interest is that famous one of Cecil, Lord Baltimore, which occasioned so much displeasure in Maryland, and which is now so eagerly sought for by collectors in both countries. Dr. Dickeson very ably epitomises the history of Maryland as follows:

"Among those who became interested in the London or Virginia Company, under its second charter in 1606, was Sir George Calvert, afterwards the founder of Maryland. He was early engaged in the schemes of colonisation of those times, and, upon the dissolution of the Virginia Company, of which he had been a member, he was named by the king—James I.—one of the Royal Commissioners to whom the government of that colony was entrusted.

"Hitherto, he had been a Protestant, but in 1624 he renounced the Church of England, in which he had been bred, and embraced the faith of the Roman Catholic Church. His conscientious scruples determined him to hold no longer the office of Secretary of State, which would place him in an unpleasant attitude to those whose faith he had adopted, and he tendered his resignation to the king, informing him at the same time, that he had become a Roman Catholic, and that he felt, in consequence of the discordance between the Established Church and the faith he had adopted, unwilling longer to discharge the duties of the office. The king, pleased with his candour, accepted his resignation, but continued him as a member of his Privy Council for life, and soon after created him Lord Baltimore.

"Sectarian animosity at this time ran high, and as Sir George Calvert deprecated this state of things, and had no taste for being an active participant in it, he determined to leave England, and found a new State exempt from this feeling, and where every man could worship God according to his own conscience, and in perfect peace and security.

"Accordingly, he embarked for Virginia, with the intention of settling within the limits of that colony, or, more probably, to explore the uninhabited country upon its borders, with a view to secure a grant of it from the king. Upon his arrival within the jurisdiction of the colony, the authorities tendered to him the oath of allegiance and supremacy, to which, with his religious views, he could not subscribe. Lord Baltimore framed an oath of allegiance, which he and his followers were willing to accept, but it was rejected. He set sail, and commenced the exploration of the Chesapeake. He was pleased with the beautiful and well-wooded country which surrounded the noble inlets and indentations of the great bay, and determined there to found his State, being assured that he had found a territory possessing all the elements of future prosperity."

Lord Baltimore ultimately returned home. Among the objects which he had in view on his return to England was, to coin a sufficient amount of currency for his new dominion, and of this there exist shillings, sixpences, groats in silver—all rare, especially the last-named—and a single specimen of a copper coinage. All these have a good portrait of Lord Baltimore, with his name and title as Lord of Maryland. The next colonial coin of any interest is a very curious one, in an economical point of view. It recognises a Spanish currency as generally prevalent in the American "plantations," and offers the means of small change in the terms of the Spanish mint. It is a piece of pewter, rather smaller than an English halfpenny; on the obverse it has a figure of James II. on horseback, with his name and titles; and, on the reverse, four shields, con-

nected by chains; the shields are disposed in the form of a cross, and bear respectively the arms of England, France, Ireland, and Scotland; the reverse legend is VAL. 24. PART. REAL. HISPAN. The acceptance of a foreign currency, the submission to Spain implied, the unhappy omen of binding the shields of the various kingdoms by chains, all point out this coin as a curiosity. The die has lately come into the possession of some English dealers, who have struck many specimens, but those issued at the time are rare.

Then follow the Carolina and New England halfpence, bearing date 1694. They are copied from the London halfpenny, and are, probably, by the same artist.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PICTURES AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE public has learned to look as a matter of course for some new pictures at the annual re-opening of the National Gallery after the long vacation. When the gallery re-opened on Monday last, five pictures were for the first time exhibited, and two or three of them may be described as works of some importance. Four of the new pictures are by masters of whose works the gallery did not previously possess a specimen. Four are by painters of the Venetian school—that school in which the gallery is already richest; the other is by a Florentine painter. Three of the pictures were purchased at the Northwick Sale; the other two are earlier purchases, but only lately received from the Continent. We will look at the Northwick pictures first.

Of these the most interesting is 'The Virgin Enthroned,' by Girolamo da Treviso, a painter whose works are rare out of Bologna, and scarcely ever seen in this country. Treviso was born in 1508, and lived therefore when the Venetian school was in its greatest splendour. But whilst he imitated the colour of Titian and Giorgione, in design he made Raffaele his model, and he was greatly admired by his contemporaries on account of this union of fine colour and correct design. His death was a singular one for a painter. He had painted many pictures, both in oil and fresco, at Bologna, by which he had acquired a high reputation, but meeting with a professional slight he left that city and came to England, bearing strong recommendations to the king, Henry VIII. Henry readily accepted his services, and rewarded him so nobly that, according to Vasari, Treviso could not sufficiently thank God and his destiny for having permitted him to reach a country where he was so highly honoured. But the king employed him not as a painter but an engineer, and, engaging in the famous "Siege of Bullen" (1544), Henry sent Treviso there to superintend the engineering operations. While thus occupied Treviso was struck by a cannon-ball, and thus, as Vasari says in his moralising way, "were his life and all the honours of this world extinguished together: all the greatness of this world departing in a moment." Treviso, therefore, is a painter in whom Englishmen have a sort of vested interest; Lanzi, by the way, makes him to have been killed in the field "whilst in England." The picture just added to the national collection is interesting as being the one particularly described by Vasari as the best of Treviso's works. It was painted for the Church of San Domenico in Bologna, but had been removed from there more than a century ago. It was afterwards in the Solly Collection. At Lord Northwick's sale it was sold for 450 guineas,—undoubtedly a very low price. In general treatment, the picture differs little from that usual in similar subjects of about the same period. The Madonna is seated on a canopied throne, holding the Child, whilst a group of three angels with musical instruments in their hands are about the throne. At the foot of the throne kneels the donor of the picture, whom St. Joseph is presenting to the infant Christ. In the distance is a city built on the side of a hill. The Virgin is of a pleasing countenance; the Infant is a lively child. The kneeling donor is a prim, ascetic personage; his face, like that of St. Joseph, is in profile. The picture does not impress you as a work of marked genius, but,

accepting all its conventionalisms, it is characterised by sobriety of feeling, simplicity and dignity of arrangement, and forcible chiaroscuro and colour—the latter thoroughly Venetian in feeling, the warm colours being of a rich though subdued tone, well massed, and greatly aided by the presence of those bronze-green tints, the value of which the Venetian colourists so well understood. The picture is inscribed "Ieronimus Trevisus P.," but bears no date.

The 'Glorification of the Virgin,' by Moretto da Brescia, is a larger, and by some will be considered a more important work than the preceding. It was painted as the altarpiece of the church of SS. Faustino and Jovito, at Brescia; and was purchased by Lord Northwick from the collection of Dr. Faccioli of Verona: at the Northwick sale it was sold for 550 guineas. In the upper part of the picture, the Virgin and Child are seated on clouds, surrounded with an iris and glory, and attended by SS. Catherine and Clara; in the lower division is S. Bernardino of Siena, having on his right hand SS. Jerome and Joseph, on his left, SS. Francis and Nicholas, with their respective symbols and insignia. The composition is necessarily formal, but it is treated as picturesquely as was consistent with ecclesiastical requirements. The figures are well drawn, and expressive; but as a whole, even in colour, it does not maintain the rank usually assigned to Moretto. Yet there is a good deal of power in the work; and the management of the lower part of the picture, so as to give force and individuality to it, whilst it is kept subservient to and enhance of the splendour above, displays very considerable artistic ability. The handling, too, is free, broad and manly.

The other Northwick picture is a portrait, said to be of Masaccio, by himself. It is little more than the head, and smaller than life. The face is turned full towards the spectator, and has the appearance of having been painted from a mirror, yet we should like to know on what ground it is termed a portrait of Masaccio. The countenance is intelligent, but not very pleasing; the eyes are of a light brown; lips firmly chiseled; hair light brown, long and curling. On the head is a small red cap; the coat is of a dull brown, showing the edge of the white fur lining. It is firmly painted, but faded—which is not surprising when it is remembered that, if by Masaccio, it must have been painted more than 400 years ago. It was purchased for 103 guineas.

A 'Pieta,' by Carlo Crivelli (of whom little more is known than that he painted between 1468-76) is interesting as a specimen of the master, and as the work of a Venetian of the pre-Titian period. Else alike in conception and appearance, it is an exceedingly painful, indeed almost repulsive picture. The dead Christ is a half-length upright nude figure, supported by two quaint child angels. The figure of Christ is devoid of all nobleness, not to speak of divinity, of character, and has an attenuated claw-like hand, in which is the gaping wound of the nail. It is painted in tempera on wood, and is signed near the bottom "Carolus Crivellus Venetus pinxit," but is not dated. In treatment it is decidedly archaic; the flesh is modelled with a heavy hatching stroke; the outlines are hard; and the background is of gold. It is stated to have originally formed part of an altarpiece of the Fratri Conventuali Riformati at Monte Fiore, near Fermo; it was purchased for the National Gallery of Cavaliere Vallati, of Rome, for the sum of 303*l*.

The remaining new picture is, if not the finest, certainly the one which is likely to be the most popular of all. It is a grand altarpiece, in five compartments, painted in 1525 by Girolamo Romanino for the high altar of the church of S. Alessandro in Brescia. When the church was repaired in 1785, the altar-piece was sold to Count Avveroldi; the six parts of which it was composed were subsequently distributed amongst his heirs, and eventually all of them, except the Pieta or topmost piece, which was in very bad condition, were purchased for the National Gallery, of Counts A. and E. Avveroldi for the sum of 804*l*. The picture, which has been often de-

scribed, has always been regarded as one of Romanino's finest works, and it is in good preservation. The subject of the central picture, which is 8 feet 9 inches high, by 3 feet 9 wide, is 'The Nativity.' The Virgin and St. Joseph are kneeling before the Holy Child, who lies naked on a sheet in the open country, while a choir of infant angels hovers overhead. In the mid-distance a shepherd is tending his flock; beyond is a city, and low mountains bound the prospect. The Virgin has a very sweet expression of face and devotional attitude. St. Joseph is more conventional, the head looking as though it had been repainted. The Infant is very beautifully and tenderly painted; and the angels are varied, well contrasted, and very graceful. The landscape, too, is well painted. The colour of the whole, as well as the parts, has the true Venetian glow and richness. In the compartments on either side of the central picture is a whole length of a saint (5 feet 2, by 2 feet 1 inch), with a half-length (2 feet 5, by 2 feet 1 inch) above. The whole length on the spectator's right is S. Jerome, with S. Gaudioso, Bishop of Brescia, above; and on the left S. Alessandro, with S. Filippo Benizio above. These side figures are painted in a large, masculine style. S. Jerome is represented nearly naked, in the wilderness, with a crucifix in his hand, and the lion at his feet. S. Alessandro, on the other hand, is dressed in a rich suit of dark armour, a slashed buff coat flung over his left shoulder, and holds a red flag, the ample folds of which trail on the ground; altogether a figure which in drawing and colour recalls Giorgione, and makes one recognise the pencil of a contemporary and follower of the great Venetian. As a whole, the painting has a strikingly grandiose effect; we cannot but think, however, that it would have appeared to more advantage had it not been surrounded with so prodigious an expanse of gilt frame. Undoubtedly the picture is an acquisition to the national collection.

The new rooms at South Kensington, built for the Turner and Vernon paintings, will not be opened to the public for probably another month; the hanging of the pictures being as yet very far from complete, and much requiring to be done to the rooms themselves before they can be made ready for public inspection. It is, we believe, settled that they are to be lighted with gas.

ART-UNION OF GLASGOW PRIZES.

THE paintings selected by the Committee for distribution among the prize-holders of 1859-60, are now on view in the room at the Egyptian Hall, recently occupied by the Victoria Cross pictures. They are fewer in number, on the whole smaller in size, but beyond question better in quality than the prizes of last year. There were then 98 paintings, there are now 62; but there are this year, in addition to the pictures, five rather pretty parian statuettes by Mr. Beattie, of which 105 copies are to be distributed, and 300 sets of photographs, six in each, taken from this year's prizes; while the engraving it must be borne in mind is an unusually large one from Webster's Punch; moreover, it is stated in a note to the Catalogue that "the Committee have still pictures and works of art for prizes under consideration"—to be decided on, we may suppose, according to the number of new subscribers enlisted by the exhibition. The highest prize is one of 350*l.*; there are then two of 250*l.*; five more of 100*l.*, and upwards; one of 80*l.*, two of 70*l.*, ten of 50*l.*, and so on downwards to 4*l.*; in all 3156*l.* being expended on paintings. The bulk of the pictures have of course been selected from the exhibitions, but several are new pictures, now first publicly exhibited, for which commissions were given by the society, or which were purchased direct from the painters.

Among the new pictures, two of the most ambitious are by Mr. John Faed, R.S.A. 'Job' (No. 2) is a small, carefully-composed and well-painted picture of the Man of Uz and his three friends—rather French in style, but with a rich orientalism of colour and a grave sobriety of feeling about it. The friends look very like the friendly counsellors Job found them to be. They

are plainly men of weight in their circles; and, under their comfortings, Job is bowing down his head in bitterness of spirit. Mr. Faed's other picture, 'Bedouin Arab exchanging a young Slave for Armour' (4), is a subject which affords scope for colour and expression—and both are here. But the subject is not agreeable, neither is the treatment. Mr. Faed has evidently been studying French works of this class, and he has caught something of the French turn of thought as well as manner. We are sorry we cannot like the 'Tinkers' (3), of Mr. R. McInnes, as it has been carefully studied and carefully painted; but it is weak in thought, disagreeable in colour, and finished too much after the fashion of a Brummagem tea-board. Still, if Mr. McInnes will only go direct to nature, and throw a little more vigour into his work, he is evidently capable of painting a good picture. 'Contentment' (11), is one of Mr. Baxter's prettiest of bare-necked girls, sewing with her back to the window, that the spectator may have the benefit of all her charms, and with a few bright flowers placed in a glass on the table that the painter may get a proper distribution of colour,—painted in his gayest colours, and with his daintiest pencil—"a love of a picture" for a lady's boudoir. But if he wish to paint something better than merely pretty faces of this almost invariable type, he would do well to consider carefully the exquisite 'Girl's Head' (19), by J. Sant, which, with its sweet sunny smile, dimpled cheeks, and bright dark eyes, reminds one of Sir Joshua's charming children, and is almost equal to the best of them. The fact of its recalling Reynolds to the memory may be taken as a proof that Mr. Sant has been a diligent student of our great English colourist. But even in colour he has been self-reliant, whilst the feeling is all his own. In handling, Mr. Sant has gone on every year steadily improving. He paints now with a full brush, and with an ease and decision of touch which it is quite a pleasure to look at in these days of feeble, toilsome stipple; and, in consequence, he produces a clear diaphanous surface and transparent tone, like that of the actual flesh of a young and healthy girl. Some parts, perhaps, are a little slighted; but taken altogether (and remembering that it is merely a head), it is the most master-like work in the room. A greater contrast to its purity of style and executive skill could not readily be pointed out than is shown in another new picture, 'Low Tide' (No. 7), which represents boatmen carrying ashore a family of citizens who are enjoying the sea-breezes of South-end, but which is so vulgar in conception, so tawdry in colour—altogether so worthless, in fact—that we will omit the artist's name, and only remark that, if selected by the Committee, it is no credit to their taste, and if painted as a commission, no credit to the artist's; but we heartily pity the unlucky prizewinner who may have it handed over to him as his equivalent for 120*l.*

'Venice' (8), J. B. Pyne, has less fog in the atmosphere than most of Mr. Pyne's recent pictures; but he has gone to Turner instead of Nature, and with the usual result. The 'Cross Roads' of Mr. V. Cole, shows a well-painted common below, and a well-painted bank of clouds above, but the two don't "match," as ladies say of an ill-assorted bonnet and dress. Mr. Cole has painted both from nature, but plainly on different days: like the majority of our minute painters, he has not learnt to seize by a rapid glance the *veloute* of a scene. Mr. G. Smith's 'Bird Minder' is very nicely painted, but here again may be observed that want of thought which prevents so many young painters from producing pictures that will bear dwelling on. The subject is a country boy in a wheat-field sleeping, instead of minding the corn; yet the boy, though in an unexceptionable smock-frock, has an unmistakable city complexion. Mr. Smith has put a distant glimpse of Windsor Castle in the background of his picture: let him go and study the face and hands of a Berkshire peasant boy lying in the sun in harvest time, and then look at his picture—he will hardly require further criticism. If

painters would only whilst painting reflect occasionally on what old books used to call "the proprieties," they would have comparatively little occasion to complain of critical notices when their pictures were exposed to the public eye. We are disposed in all friendliness to give the same hint to another young painter—one, indeed, whose name is quite new to us—Mr. J. Craig, who has two new pictures here, 'Jealousy' (15), and 'Jenny's First Love Letter' (21). Mr. Craig is, we presume, a Scot, and it is not wonderful, therefore, that he should look up to Mr. T. Faed, seeing that he is just now in such favour with his countrymen. But if he wants to earn a lasting name, Mr. Craig must think for himself and work for himself, taking nature, and not Faed, or Wilkie, or any one else for his guide. Scottish peasant life affords abundant subjects for any number of native painters, each looking at it from his own point of view. Mr. Craig has a neat pencil, a good eye for colour, and he shows an honest hankering after truth. Let him be as pathetic as he may, as humorous as he can; but before all, let him beware of sentimentalism, conventionalism, and imitation.

Of old acquaintances we have, as the first prize, Mr. Ansell's 'Fox-Hunter,' which looks better here than it did at the Royal Academy, but is still hard, and black, and cold. Mr. Wyburd's elegant 'Undine' also looks better than in its former uncomfortable position—but the taint of feebleness is ineradicable. We might perhaps say the same of Mr. Hering's 'View in Arran,' and of his 'Evening in Greece'; he has ever been in Greece, or is it a mere fancy view—but, like Mr. Wyburd's, they are pictures which will comport much better with a snug drawing-room than a public exhibition, and no prizeholder will have cause of complaint to whose share either may fall. 'Schevelland Sands' (12), E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., is a capital little specimen of the artist's manner; as is also the 'Venice' (17) of E. A. Goodall, though the manner is here rather too pronounced. But more "mannered" still, and somewhat meretricious, are Mr. Woolmer's 'Ladies' Valley,' with its tinted women bathing, and his 'Delights of Summer.' 'Camellias' (34), we need not say, are well painted by Miss Mutrie, for is she not emphatically the Lady of Camellias? Let us also, in passing, give a word of hearty praise to Miss M. Nasmyth's modest little picture, 'Glangarnock Castle.' A good word, too, we must give (seeing that we not long since gave him some rather hard ones) to Mr. Niemann for his little views of 'Richmond, Yorkshire,' and 'Buxted, Sussex'; but why will he persist in painting the Sussex weald and the Yorkshire grit, as though there were not the least difference between them? Mr. Hayes has a very pleasing and very faithful view of the 'Hill of Howth' (47), and another not quite so true of 'Beachy Head' (46), and Mr. A. Gilbert a 'Bright Day on the Thames' (43), the accuracy of which any Thames fisherman would vouch for. 'One more Unfortunate' (33), C. Rolt, is unfortunate in subject, but painted with a good deal of earnestness.

The Coin Room of the British Museum has just received an important addition—Count de Salis having presented to the nation his well-known collection. It is comprised in fourteen cabinets, containing altogether as many as 7000 coins, brought together during many years of the Count's life at a cost of about 5000*l.* The donor has also offered his services gratuitously to the Museum to assist in arranging the collection, which offer has been accepted: justifiably accepted, perhaps, as the case is exceptional, and unpaid, and consequently uncontrollable and irresponsible, assistance is far from desirable in a national institution. Let us hope that this munificent donation will lead the keepers of the coins to consider whether the time has not arrived when they can give something—to the public! In Greek and Roman coins the Museum collections are at least equal to those of any European nation. In Oriental coins few, if any, excel the Museum, while in ancient British it is

quite unrivalled; yet up to the present time no means have been found of exhibiting to the public any portion of these treasures. Surely space could in that huge building be somewhere found for two or three tables, on which a selection of a few of the more remarkable or characteristic specimens might be shown.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—The confident prediction of a high place on the Metropolitan boards which followed Miss Louisa Keeley's first appearance before a London audience has now become a fact. A new piece has been specially adapted to suit the young lady's requirements. It is founded on "*La Chatte metamorphosée en Femme*," wherein we learn that a cat is always a cat, though changed to a woman. The French author's idea has obviously been framed by observing one of the cat-women, with specimens of whom we are all acquainted,—women who hide the utmost cruelty and callousness under a soft manner and an engaging playfulness; and as the adapter could not possibly deprive his "piece" of all the original and savage brilliancy, Miss Keeley has the opportunity of presenting the part in so perfect a style that few of the delighted audience know that the piece entitled *Puss* is about one of the cruellest satires upon woman ever perpetrated. Perhaps even the adapter does not know it himself. "Great things may fairly be expected of this young actress," says a contemporary. For our parts, we believe the "great things" are being achieved, as in all probability Miss Keeley has saved the fortunes of the New Princess's Theatre.

On Wednesday night Mr. George Melville made his first appearance in London, choosing the character of *Hamlet* for his *début*. The opinions which have been passed upon this gentleman by our contemporaries are as diverse as they possibly can be, a sufficiently good evidence that Mr. Melville possesses some genius—and he certainly does, if explicable attraction, without reference to its amount, is considered a proof of that quality. We have all seen pictures and read books which have attracted while they have puzzled us. So it is with Mr. Melville's acting—an honest critic may find fault with the actor's reading and with his entire performance, yet he will feel that he hesitates *altogether* to condemn them. It may be the extremely sympathetic voice which this actor possesses, or it may be his general intelligence and expressive features; certain it is, that he can attract, as was sufficiently shown on Wednesday night, when a very mixed audience frequently applauded lines which usually pass by without approval. And perhaps it is another proof of Mr. Melville's original ability, that he wilfully destroys the old stage "points" in *Hamlet*. In a few words, we never witnessed so good a *début* in this character, for the Dane is made to appear comparatively natural. Mr. Melville may rant a little, may exhibit the true stage walk, may use his eyes and arms as *Hamlet* never used his arms and eyes in his maddest moments; but honestly we know of no man on the English stage who can play *Hamlet* so near "nature" as Mr. Melville, which is not saying much for him. Of the philosophy of *Hamlet* the *débutant* seems to know nothing, but it is an open question whether the actor who plays the great Dane would delineate him any the better for studying his philosophy; the actor must rather guess the expression of that philosophy than analyse the philosophy itself, if he does otherwise he will run the chance of losing the expression. We do not think Mr. Melville will ever become a great *Hamlet*, nor let him not be disappointed with the doubt—when a critic hesitates, it is well for the criticised. However, Mr. Melville will certainly be of great use to the Princess's company. He is precisely that actor, specimens of whom are so rare on the London boards—the sympathetic *jeune premier*. Had he played in *Ivy Hall*, and in Mr. H. Bland's character, the fate of that most lamentable of dramas might not have been so unhesitatingly decided.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews have returned to this house, and appeared in *The Road to Ruin* and *Paul Pry*. Mr. Chippendale makes an admirable old *Dornton*. Mrs. C. Mathews as *Sophia* is equally excellent—she abandons herself to the gaiety and artlessness of the character with the most amusing energy. Mr. Mathews's *Paul Pry* is certainly good. The intolerable and calm intrusions of the horrible scandal-monger of Little Piddlington are achieved by Mr. Mathews in a most original manner. He is as good in the character as Wright himself. And may we, while writing on the Haymarket, delicately point out that the attention to stage minutiae is becoming lax—take, for instance, the circumstance of the repudiated bank notes in *The Road to Ruin*. They are kicked about the stage scene after scene, to the entire destruction of the vraisemblance of the comedy.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—We deferred our criticism of Mr. Tom Taylor's new play till the present issue, that we might see the drama for a second time. We may now fairly state our opinion that *The Fool's Revenge*, as a drama, is very good, and admirably put together. Mr. Taylor's play is laid in Faenza in the fifteenth century, under the rule of *Duke Galeotto Manfredi* (Mr. Marston). This noble is prompted to all manner of ill by *Bertuccio*, a fool (Mr. Phelps), who has a daughter *Fiordelisa* (Miss Heath), whom he keeps in great privacy. *Bertuccio* induces the duke to steal the wife of one *Malatesta*, who, in early life, has irreparably injured the fool, and the duke agrees to the abduction. The lady who is stolen, however, is *Fiordelisa*, and the great scene of the play is that in which the fool learns his daughter is with the duke. The climax is procured by the death of the noble, poisoned in his wine by his wife the duchess, who has been instigated to the act by *Bertuccio*, for the fool helps in all the wickedness of the piece. *Fiordelisa* is thus saved, and is made happy with one *Serafino dell'Aquila*, a poet, who is the type of a pure gentleman.

The press has generally attributed *The Fool's Revenge* to *Le Roi s'amuse*, but Mr. Tom Taylor does not acknowledge the adaptation. Victor Hugo's fool is not so fortunate as Mr. Tom Taylor's. Hugo says of his world-renowned hero, "*Triboulet* has two scholars—the king and his daughter; the one he prompts to vice, the other he guides to virtue. The fool induces the king (*Francis I.*) to abduct *Madame de Cossé*; the fool's own daughter is carried off instead. The fool would revengefully assassinate the king; it is his daughter whom he kills." So the moral is told, that innocence suffers for guilt, that bad men live though never happy, while good men die in sorrow, yet in hope. The moral is fit, because it is true. If worldly virtue ensured worldly good, what would be its value? So M. Hugo goes his road, and Mr. Tom Taylor goes his,—let posterity judge between them. It is true, millions of his countrymen believe Hugo to be the greatest dramatic writer France ever produced. It is true we are indignant if George Sand, in translating Shakspeare, alters a single atom of the plot. But all these remarks have nothing to do with Mr. Tom Taylor, who has written his play, and presented his account at the treasury. Of the acting we may say much; Miss Heath was delightful as the daughter, Mrs. Marston as a duenna was capital, while Mr. Phelps, as the hero, we must speak highly. When he "spits" at the lords, a doubt must not be cast on Mr. Phelps's good taste—the context requires the indecent action; if now and then expressions slip from the mouths of the actors which alarm the people of Islington, the performers are not to blame. The people pay their money; the play is played; and Mr. Tom Taylor goes over to Astley's for the first production of *Garibaldi*.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—*The Willow Copse* is still on the Adelphi bills, and we must congratulate Mr. Webster on his own and Miss Woolgar's marvellous success, but we protest against Mr. Paul Bedford's disgusting attempt at humour in

the last act. The result of a blow on the nose may be followed by hemorrhage, but there is no need to insist upon the effect through several scenes, and ultimately appear to receive the public plaudits at the end of the drama in the same nasty and vulgar condition. Mr. P. Bedford may beget an Olympian laugh, but it would be more to his credit to use a sponge immediately after the fight.

SURREY THEATRE.—Sir E. B. Lytton's novel, "What will he do with it?" has been dramatised at this theatre. People need not condole with each other about "poor Sir Edward"; the author of *The Lady of Lyons* and *Richelieu* is used to these dramatic filchings.

NEW MUSIC.

Vesper Dewsdroops. Second Edition. Containing a Capriccio, Six Songs, and a Duet. By Ricardo Linter, Esq. The poetry by Rowland Brown. (Cramer, Beale, & Co.)

THIS little collection has many claims to notice. It is an elegant present, adapted to the season; not too difficult for young lady pianistes, and extremely pleasing in its character. The Capriccio is a lively and well-written composition, which, without possessing any very striking originality, is yet no mere imitation; there is nothing at all hackneyed or commonplace about it. It will be sure to attract attention, and—reward it. The songs are all good, though of various degrees of merit; the least to be commended is, however, very much above the common level; they are skilfully adapted to the ordinary compass of voice, and are characterised by a great deal of *verve* and spirit. We hope to hear much more of Mr. Linter. A word or two about the poetry. Mr. Brown puts forth considerable claims, and he has really so much talent that he may well bear a little wholesome criticism. When he talks of

The harmonies
From Nature's sweet guitars,

he is talking the most ridiculous nonsense imaginable. And what does he mean by the "holy time of Stars?" He can do well, and some of the verses in this collection prove it; but he must "respect his public," and take pains with his poems otherwise, he will make a donkey of himself.

To the Editor of the LITERARY GAZETTE.

Sir,—If you will kindly allow me, I should like to make one or two remarks about the British Drama, upon which you have an excellent article in last week's impression. In that article, while hitting the right nail upon the head, you have, I am sadly afraid, struck with the point instead of the flat end of the hammer, so that the blow will be partially ineffectual. Is there no one we may thank for the present low ebb of originality in dramatic writing besides that poor devil, the author? Are there no managers—exclusive and badly paying—in fault? Is sufficient encouragement given in the present day for men to sit down and think out, at the cost of much labour and time, a really good work, instead of knocking off a rapid translation, or an imperfect adaptation? Would Farmer Giles expect his pigs to fatten without feeding, or his Mangold Wurzel—to present a luxurious appearance without any of the ordinary resources of agriculture being bestowed upon it?

Originality cannot be produced in quantity save at the expense of quality, and the production of the two in combination every man accustomed to composition will acknowledge to be no easy task. How, then, can it be expected where (as I believe) the remuneration is totally inadequate to the labour, and the difficulty of admission to the field so great, that the advent of a new writer is as much a rarity as the advent of a comet or a great tragedian? How continually do we hear from managers complaints of the vast number of new writers pattering them with fresh works? Now, does it not strike one that by some miraculous chance, similar to that by which an angler sometimes happens to land a weighty trout from a stream usually inhabited by gudgeon, one of these unknown scribblers might produce something good? But no; their obscurity is their crime, according to the managers, and it turns out to be their misfortune also. I write from knowledge on this point, for I am a young author, and if this frank admission does not (on the same principle) at once shut me out of your pages, I should like to tell the public one of my adventures in search of a manager. I wrote a play. It was not the five-act tragedy of a man who fancied himself the legitimate successor of Shakspeare. It was a humble farce sent to a West-end house, and refused even the forlorn hope of a perusal, or the honour of lying on a shelf neglected. On what ground, too? Its badness, you will say. No, but because its author was not personally known, and did not belong to the Dramatic Authors' Society. Now, where was the far-

ness or the encouragement to the British drama in this? I was willing to be judged; I would have abided the sentence; but I could find no one to judge me. There might have been enough wit in the very title to have ensured a run of a hundred nights, yet so much as even the title was not seen. It is in this I firmly believe that the grand error of managerial judgment lies. I should be the last to wish to take from any man the influence and success which years of toil may have identified with his name, but there is room for more than the known dramatic writers of the present day, and for managers to take their stand upon names, and names alone, is simply an additional means of checking originality and increasing the number of indifferent adaptations not at all tending to improve the reputations of established writers. The people go to see a new play on the faith of the author's name and fame. They stay to see it from its excellence, if it be excellent, no matter who the author; but with as little consideration they would damn it if weak or bad. So that, say what we will in this, as in most cases, where the verdict of the many is taken, the result is proportionate to intrinsic worth, and the judgment is rarely in error. In fact, the whole subject narrows itself down to this. Let the managers pay for the good work of a good hand, and the work will be found; or let them give the opportunity for new ones, and if the author proves himself unequal to the task of producing a work which shall give evidence of care and brain, the public at least will know where to fix the blame for the failure. T. J. J.

MISCELLANEA.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Return of Admissions for six days, ending Friday, October 21st, 1859 (including season ticket holders), 17,915.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—During the week ending 22nd Oct., 1859, the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free days, 3425; on Monday and Tuesday, free evenings, 5442. On the three students' days (admission to the public 6d.), 905; one students' evening, Wednesday, 122. Total, 9964. From the opening of the Museum, 1,105,642.

NEW GENERAL ATLAS.

KEITH JOHNSTON'S ROYAL ATLAS OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY.

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